FEATURING THE GRAPHIC NOVEL, *ARAWN: BLOOD TIES!*

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Featured Artist:
The Phantom Menace's Darth Maul image by Doug Crowe. For Topps, published as a trading card in the Star Wars Galaxy Series 5 set, February 2010. To find out more about Doug's work, you can e-mail him at doug@dougcrowe.net. Also, check out his web-site at dougcrowe.net

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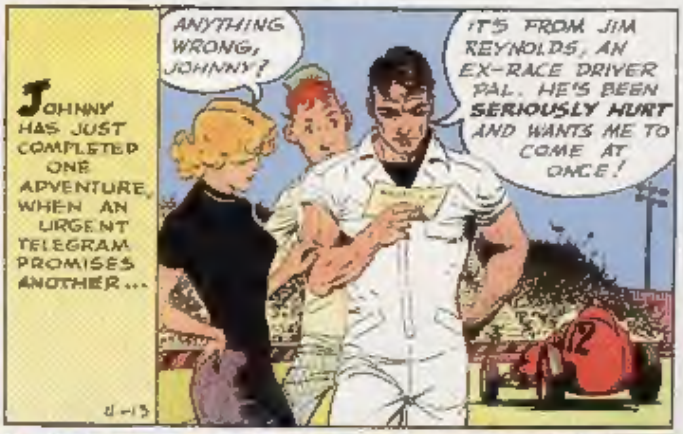
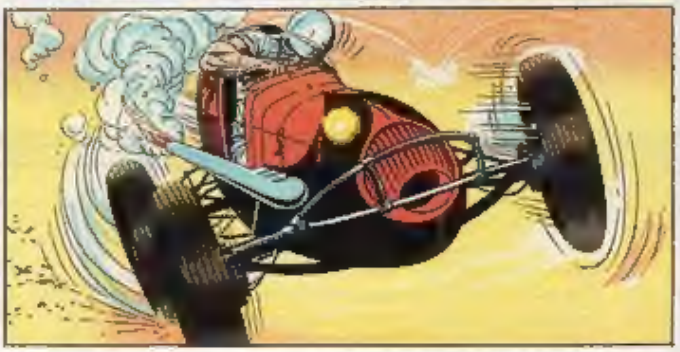
Frazetta's *Johnny Comet* Comes Roaring Back!

Few cartoonists or illustrators have ever been as internationally celebrated as the late Frank Frazetta. However, what many of the most diehard fans of his paintings and comic book art may not know is that Frazetta had a third career as a newspaper cartoonist, most notably as an assistant on Al Capp's *Li'l Abner* from 1955 until 1961. But prior to his long run on *Abner*, Frazetta had his own syndicated strip, the intriguingly titled *Johnny Comet* (Later retitled *Ace McCoy* about halfway through the strip's run). If you haven't seen it you can be forgiven for guessing that it was a science fiction strip, given Frazetta's penchant for drawing science fiction comics during this period. Alas, *Johnny Comet* was merely a rather pedestrian comic strip chronicling the adventures of a handsome, two-fisted, itinerate race car driver who bore a more than passing resemblance to Frazetta. However, what distinguished it from most of the other newspaper comics of the early 1950s was Frazetta's bravura draftsmanship and dynamic figure work. Although the scripts were dull and repetitive, mostly involving Johnny innocently running afoul of nefarious characters who tried to wreck his race car or kill him, Frazetta's art on *Comet* was some of the most beautiful ever seen in the annals of American comics. Really, Frazetta's work is the sole reason the strip is remembered at all, and why it's been reprinted numerous times in various formats. The latest collection from Vanguard Productions includes every daily and Sunday strip from *Comet*'s entire run, making it the most complete *Comet* volume ever published. It's also the first volume in the new Vanguard Frazetta Classics Series which will be reprinting the best of Frazetta's comics work.


JOHNNY HAS JUST COMPLETED ONE ADVENTURE, WHEN AN URGENT TELEGRAM PROMISES ANOTHER...
ANYTHING WRONG, JOHNNY?
IT'S FROM JIM REYNOLDS, AN EX-RACE DRIVER PAL. HE'S BEEN SERIOUSLY HURT AND WANTS ME TO COME AT ONCE!
12



Johnny Comet/Ace McCoy ran from January 28th, 1952 through January 31st, 1953. Despite Frazetta's dynamic art, not enough papers carried the strip and Frazetta was finally forced to throw in the towel as a newspaper cartoonist and returned to the comic book ghetto, penciling and inking stories and covers for EC Comics, DC Comics, Famous Funnies and other publishers until he left comics in 1955 to work as one several Al Capp assistants. But even though *Johnny Comet* lasted only a year, Frazetta's growing army of fans remembered it, and there were several reprint fanzines put out during the late 1960's and early 1970's as well as random strips being reproduced here and there in various fanzines. The dailies were reprinted in several different formats, including one particularly nice horizontally formatted zine that allowed the strips to be reprinted in their original proportions. But during all this time, none of the Sunday strips were ever reprinted in color because it would have been prohibitively expensive for the fan publishers who were putting out these reprints. Until now, the best Comet reprint was published by Eclipse, a now-defunct comics company, who put out a volume reprinting most of

the dailies and Sundays in black and white in 1990. The Eclipse collection, which was issued in both a hardback and a soft cover format, did not, however, reprint any of the Sunday pages in color, and there were gaps in the collection where the editors were unable to find particular daily or Sunday strips.

This is not the case in the Vanguard edition, though, which should stand for some time as the definitive collection of *Comet* strips since all the artwork in this book came directly from Frazetta's personal collection of syndicate proofs. So, for the first time, every single *Johnny Comet* strip ever printed is included here. This book is a real feast for the eyes of Frazetta fans, or for anyone who simply loves to see beautiful comic art done in a classic style. As an added bonus, the book includes three Sunday pages (January 1st, 1953–January 18th, 1953) ghosted for Frazetta by the great Wally Wood. So you get to see him miming Frazetta's style, very well I might add, though certain Wood-esque touches do peep out at you here and there, such as a kitten in the 1-11-53 Sunday page. Regardless, the Wood Sundays are done in a style that is perfectly in harmony with Frazetta's broadly humorous approach to characterization and his lush inking, which is probably why he asked Wood (his favorite of all the EC artists) to ghost those three Sunday pages for him.

One of the reasons why this book is so terrific is the gorgeous reproduction throughout. The black and white dailies just pop visually, especially in the strips where Frazetta gets to strut his stuff with an action sequence such as a fistfight or spectacular car crash (*Johnny/Ace* had a lot of those, usually due to his car being sabotaged by the bad guys). Publisher Spurlock wisely shot the color Sundays from actual proofs rather than re-coloring them, giving many fans their first look ever at *Johnny Comet*, the luscious Jean Fargo, "Pop" Bottle and all the rest of the cast in glorious color. The whole book is done with exquisite taste and flair. In addition to the comic strips, there's a nice forward by David Spurlock reminiscing about Frank, and a well-written, informative history of the strip by Frazetta expert William Stout (who's reputed to have the largest collection of *Comet* dailies on the planet) that includes some images shot directly from Frazetta's original art, and samples of other newspaper strips Frazetta tried to sell that didn't click with any of the syndicates. Overall, it's an extremely nice package, well-designed by Randall Dahlk. I give this book my highest recommendation. It's a fun read that deserves to be in the library of any Frazetta fan. The regular *Johnny Comet* hardcover runs 228 pages and retails for $39.95. It's available directly from the publisher (www.VanguardPublishing.com) right now. A trade paperback edition containing exactly the same contents is also slated for release in April, 2011, and will sell for a modest $24.95 and. Stay tuned, Metal-heads, for my review of Vanguard's upcoming *White Indian* volume in the next Dossier. Remember, though, whichever Frazetta Classic volume you shell out for, don't forget to tell 'em *Heavy Metal* sent you.

Walking With a Giant: Alex Raymond's *Rip Kirby*

The newspaper comic strip has a long and checkered history, often illuminated by the brilliance of individual creators. One of the greatest newspaper cartoonists was the late Alex Raymond, originator of classic strips such as *Flash Gordon*, *Secret Agent X-9*, *Jungle Jim*, and *Rip Kirby*. By the mid-30's Raymond was one of King Features' top talents, having signed on to draw *Secret Agent X-9* (from Dashiell Hammett's scripts) to compete with *Dick Tracy*, and creating *Flash Gordon* and *Jungle Jim* (both written by Fred Moore) to compete with *Buck Rogers* and *Tarzan*, respectively. Astonishingly, for about a year and a half, Raymond did all three strips simultaneously, *Secret Agent X-9* as a daily strip (there never was a Sunday *X-9* strip during its entire 46+ year run in newspapers), and *Flash Gordon* with *Jungle Jim* for a topper as Sunday-only features. This was a mother-load of work, even for the immensely talented and prolific Raymond, so he eventually dropped *X-9* to concentrate on *Flash* and *Jungle Jim*. Even so, Raymond's workload would have crushed a lesser artist. Yet, he did it from late 1936 until 1944, only occasionally taking a Sunday off.

Despite his successful art career, and being a middle-aged family man when WWII broke out, Raymond felt that it was his patriotic duty to serve in the U.S. military, so he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps as a combat artist. Raymond served two years in the Marines before being mustered out. Upon his return, he assumed, naturally enough, that he'd be able to take up where he left off with *Flash* and *Jungle Jim*. Not so, according to the King Features' brass. In Raymond's absence, they had signed a multi-year contract with Austin Briggs, Raymond's former assistant. Since Raymond had volunteered to serve in the military instead of being drafted, the syndicate was under no legal obligation to give back his former assignment, as was the case with servicemen who were drafted. In retrospect, it's easy to think that this was a bad decision on King Features' part (one of many the syndicate's management was to make over the years) since Raymond had been one of their top money-makers for years.

Fortunately, William Randolph Hearst, the head of King Features Syndicate, was smart enough to offer Raymond the opportunity to create and own a new strip, and the one he came up with was a classic: *Rip Kirby*. It was like a breath of fresh air in the era of post-WWII comics. Its protagonist, like its creator, was a former Marine officer. Handsome, dashing, cultured, Remington "Rip" Kirby was a sleuth like no other (he even played classical piano), who only took on cases that intrigued him, or where he could play Robin Hood to aid some downtrodden soul. To its credit, King Features promoted the hell out of Raymond's creation, giving *Rip Kirby* one of the most successful launches of any new comic strip in history.

Rip Kirby was one of Raymond's longest-running strips, keeping its place on the daily comics page from its launch in 1946 until its cancellation in 1999 due to the death of Raymond's successor, John Prentice. Because of its vast popularity, *Kirby* has been reprinted many times in comic book form, and in various collections put out by fan publishers. The IDW edition is, however, the first attempt to reprint Raymond's run on in its entirety. The first two volumes are out and it's a pleasure to report that they are a resounding success. The quality of the reproduction is somewhat variable, but generally excellent throughout both of the volumes I've read. Raymond's superb draftsmanship and sparkling inks have kept the art on this strip fresh and visually exciting. Many of the storylines, about kidnapping, lonely-hearts scams, and vicious international criminals seem ripped from contemporary headlines. It's a tribute to Raymond's skill and versatility that these strips are just as entertaining now as they were when they were first printed. Each of these massive, 320-page volumes contains hours of top-notch entertainment. So, do yourself a favor, Metal-heads, buy one of these books, turn off your electronic media and immerse yourselves in the exciting world of Rip Kirby, the gorgeous Honey Dorian, the exotic and treacherous Pagan Lee, the stalwart Desmond, Rip's safecracking butler, and the menacing Mangler, one of the best villains ever!

Volume 1 is already sold out, but Volumes 2 & 3 of *Rip Kirby* are available now. They retail for $49.95, but trust me, if you're an Alex Raymond fan, you'll consider it money well spent. You can get yours from IDW (https://shop.idwpublishing.com/) and can probably still find Volume 1 on Amazon or from dealers like Bud Plant.

THE JOUBERT SISTERS

GALLERY

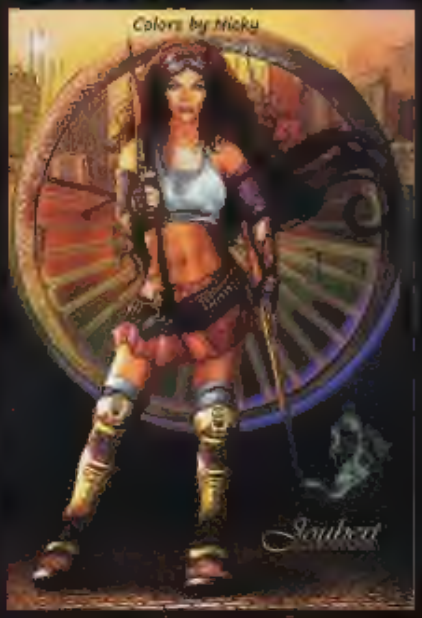
Incantations in Frost

THE COLOR OF ANGELS

FURTIVE DESIRES

Falls End

Temple Of Aquilion



The Rhythm Of Spring

Cindy A Joubert-Kelly

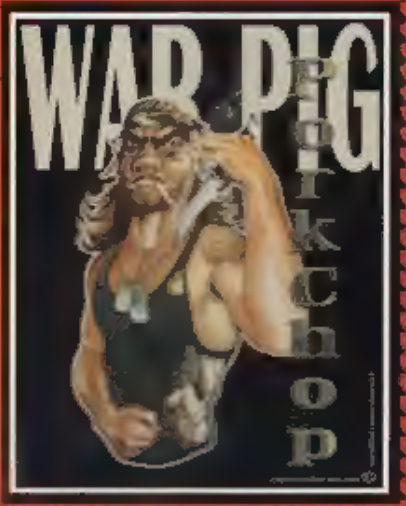
Cindy A. Joubert is a local award-winning artist who has been creating a variety of commissioned art since 1987. Her credits range from tattoo designs, logo creations, to stage costumes, as well as cover images and pin-up art along with multiple donations to charities. She is self taught in digital design and is constantly looking to discover new mediums.

To see more of Cindy & her sister Nicky's work go to www.dreaminglizard.com

The Joubert Sisters

The art style of Cindy & Nicky Joubert is unique as they work in multiple mediums for their illustrations. Many of the images they have created are pieces from their own privet (and public) stock photos as both artists are also photographers. They draw their resources from stock images & sketches they draft out, and now they also use 3D programs. They do not use the 3D programs as most people do. They create their worlds by making a layout in the programs as if it is just another stock photo. Then they strip it into parts and reapply to the illustration they are building in Adobe Photoshop. The finishing is then painting over the components to bring all the parts together in unity.

The sisters are currently working on a graphic novel project with writer David Paul, called "As It Is In Heaven". It is Sci-Fi thriller that takes place on the streets of Calgary, Alberta. The story is a gritty look at the issues and challenges that occur when a new race lives amongst planet earth. The Calgary Commission Metropolitan Police Department is heavily burdened with the responsibility of keeping the peace in a city saturated with natural-born humans and migrant nationals of various species and races. Like many national-born humans Detective Conner Healy hates his job, but when his partner is killed in pursuit of a suspect his life takes a turn for the worse. The press is calling a slew of murders "The Vamp Slaughters" due to its connection to a street drug known as "Vamp" and Conner must put an end to the murders before all of Calgary is brought to its knees.



Joubert

Barbarian Tides

CHIRON'S REVELATION OF ETERNITY

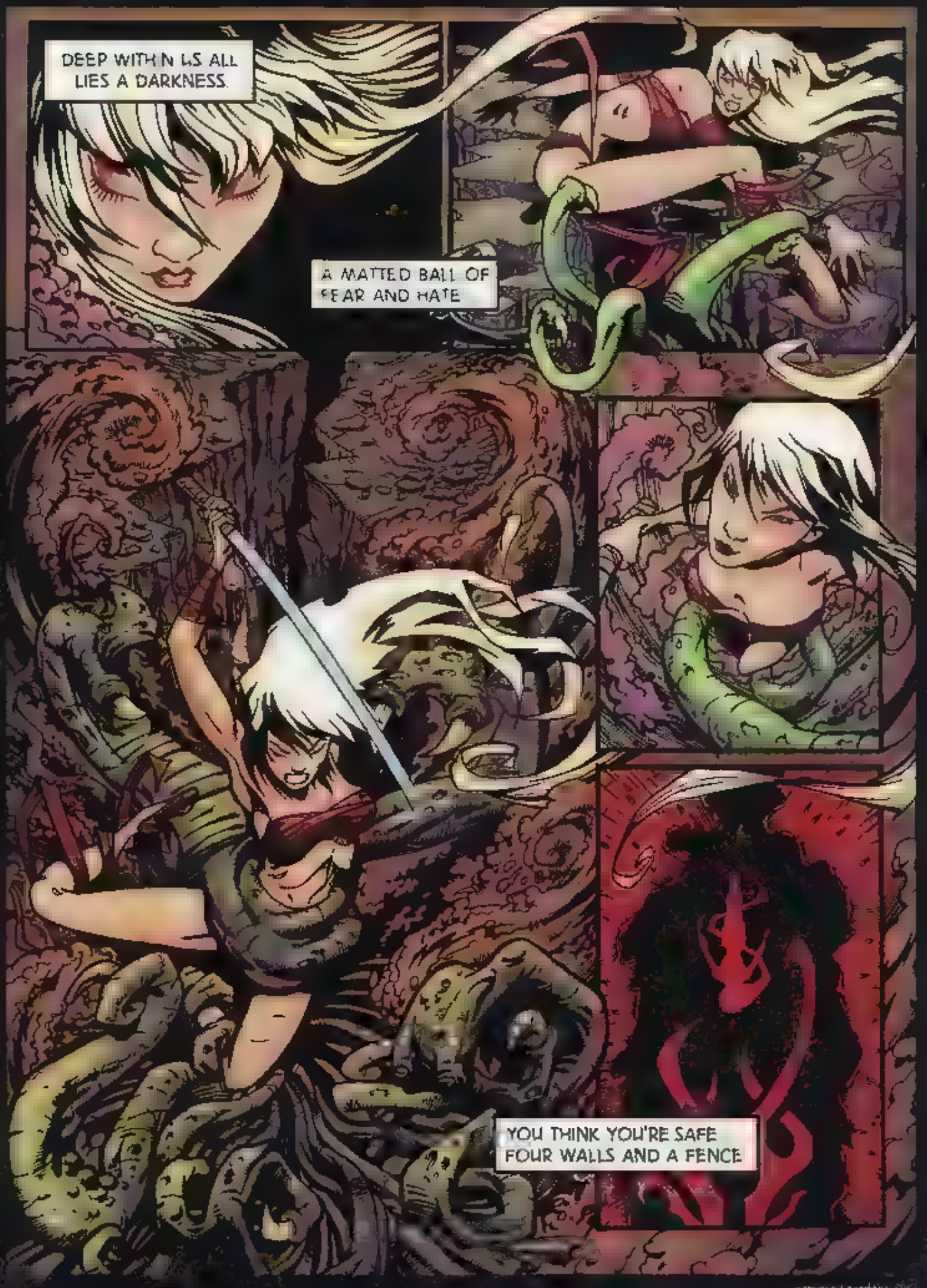
THE GARDEN OF AVALON

THIEF OF THE SEA

Gearing Down

as it is in
HEAVEN
© CINDY A. JOUBERT AUG 2010

KHUZAN
INKS:
SIMON MORSE
COLOURS:
CREATED BY
KATIE HOUGHTON


DEEP WITHIN US ALL LIES A DARKNESS.
A MATTED BALL OF FEAR AND HATE
YOU THINK YOU'RE SAFE FOUR WALLS AND A FENCE

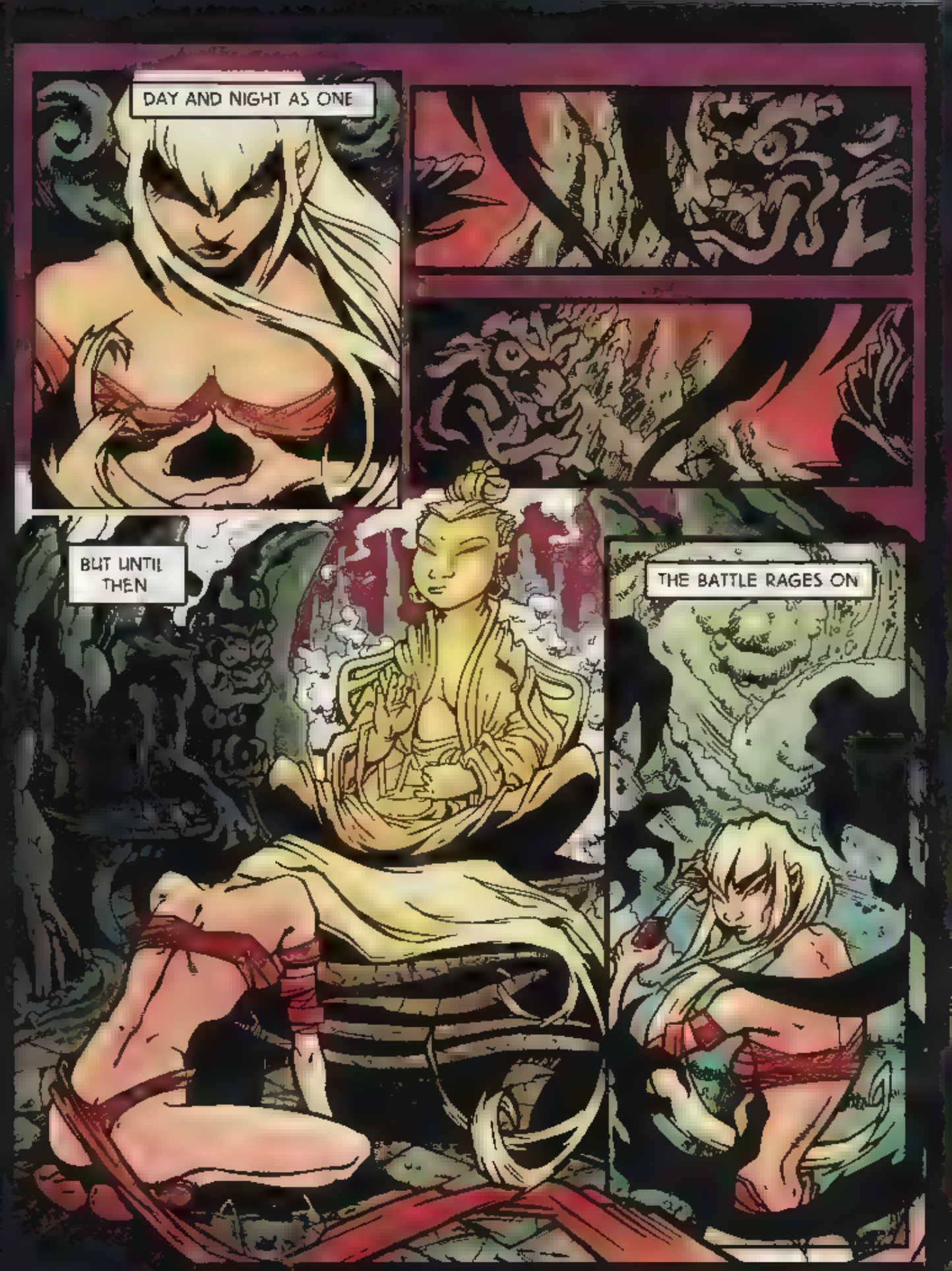
TLE KNOWING
THE BIGGEST MONSTER OF ALL,
SLEEPS WITHIN YOU EVERY NIGHT

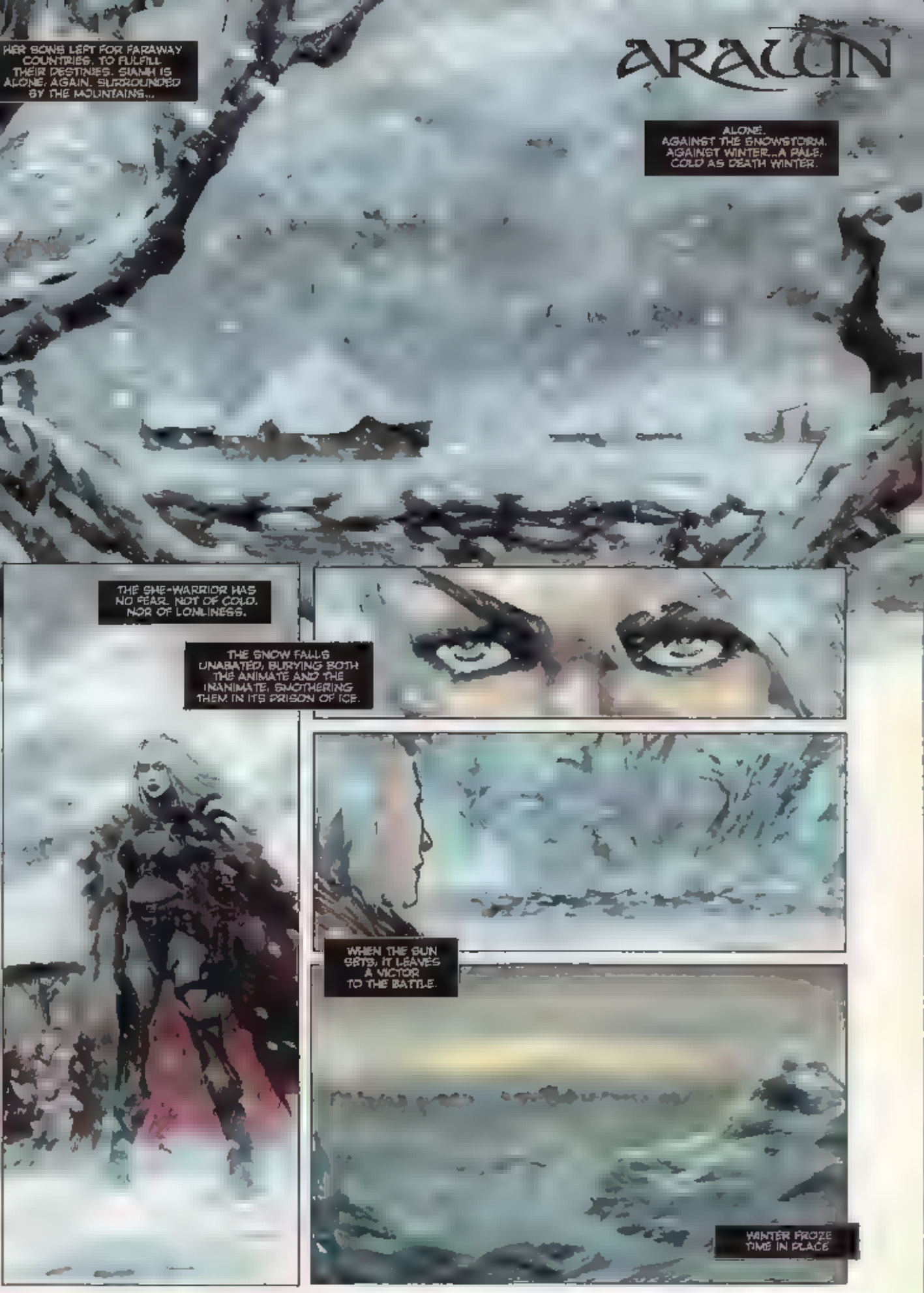
THE BRAVE STAND EYE TO EYE
FIGHTING TO PROTECT THE ONES THEY LOVE

SOME ARE EVEN VICTORIOUS
OR SO IT SEEMS

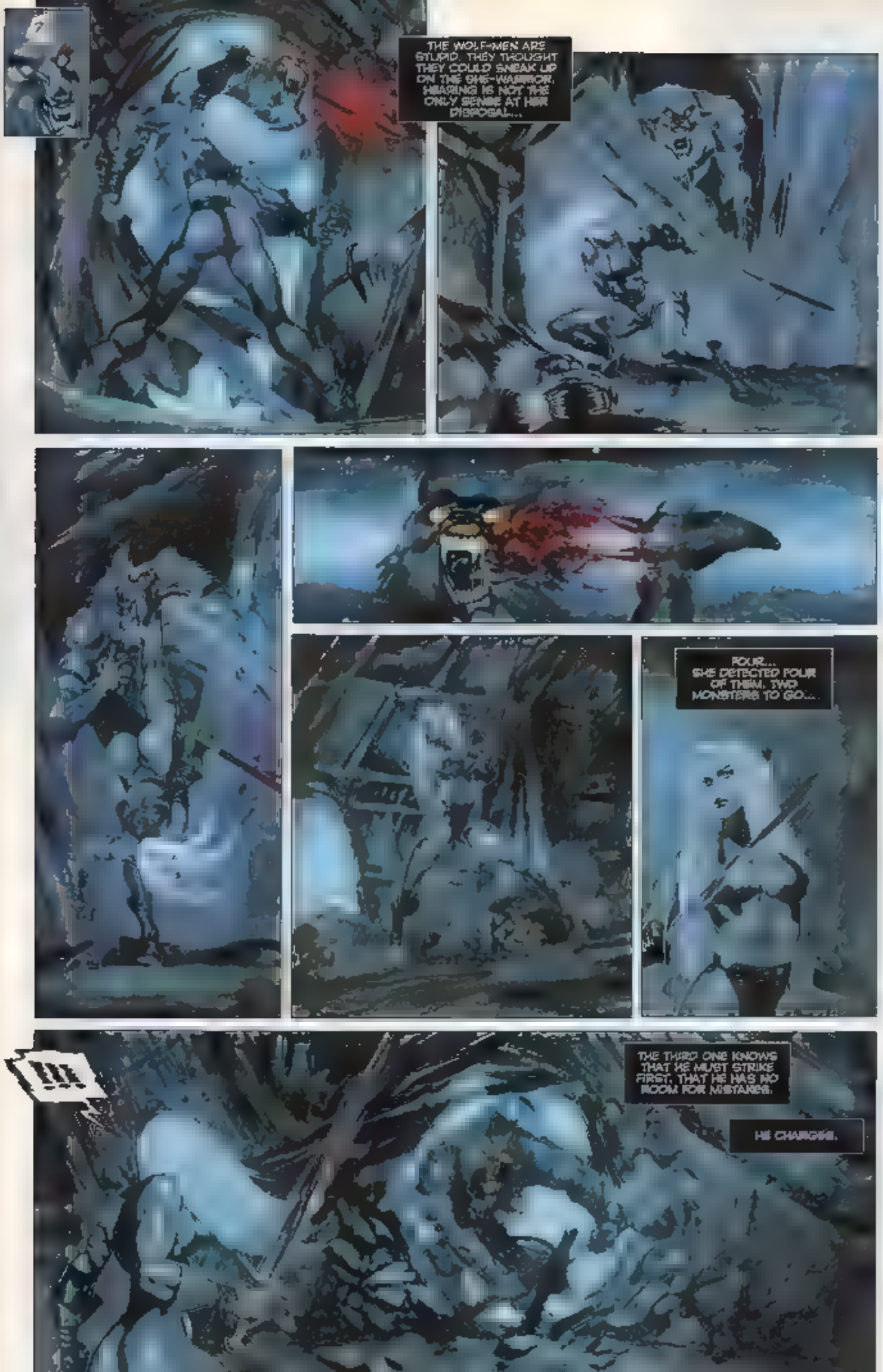
THE EGO CLAIMS THE PRIZE AND YOU LOSE CONTROL

AFRAID TO TRUST AGAIN
AND YOU'RE BACK AT THE BEGINNING AGAIN NAKED AND CONFUSED
ONLY THEN WILL WE FIND PEACE
ALL WE CAN HOPE FOR IS ONE DAY OUR DARKNESS SEES THE LIGHT


DAY AND NIGHT AS ONE
BUT UNTIL THEN
THE BATTLE RAGES ON


ARAWN
HER SONS LEFT FOR FARAWAY COUNTRIES, TO FULFILL THEIR DESTINIES. SIANN IS ALONE, AGAIN, SURROUNDED BY THE MOUNTAINS...
ALONE. AGAINST THE SNOWSTORM. AGAINST WINTER...A PALE, COLD AS DEATH WINTER.
THE SHE-WARRIOR HAS NO FEAR. NOT OF COLD. NOR OF LONLINESS.
THE SNOW FALLS UNABATED, BURYING BOTH THE ANIMATE AND THE INANIMATE, SMOTHERING THEM IN ITS PRISON OF ICE.
WHEN THE SUN SETS, IT LEAVES A VICTOR TO THE BATTLE.
WINTER FROZE TIME IN PLACE

WHITE AND IMMACULATE, THE LANDSCAPE APPEARS ENTHRALLING.
NIGHT NOW TAKES ITS TURN, THROWING A BLACK MANTLE OVER THE LAND...
A LAND LIT BY A WAN GLOW, GLOOMY AND GHOSTLY, THE MOON.
AND SUDDENLY, A SET OF RED EYES, UNHEALTHY GLARES PIERCING THE SILENCE.
CREATURES THAT ARE NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST...
THEY CAME FOR BLOOD... AND FOR SOMETHING MORE...
THE WOLF-MEN ARE SILENT, THEIR PAWS BARELY SCRAPING THE GROUND.
THEY SEEK THE WOMAN AND HER TREASURE.
IN VAIN.


THE WOLF-MEN ARE STUPID. THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD SNEAK UP ON THE SHE-WARRIOR. HEARING IS NOT THE ONLY SENSE AT HER DISPOSAL...
FOUR... SHE DETECTED FOUR OF THEM. TWO MONSTERS TO GO...
!!!
THE THIRD ONE KNOWS THAT HE MUST STRIKE FIRST. THAT HE HAS NO ROOM FOR MISTAKES.
HE CHARGES.

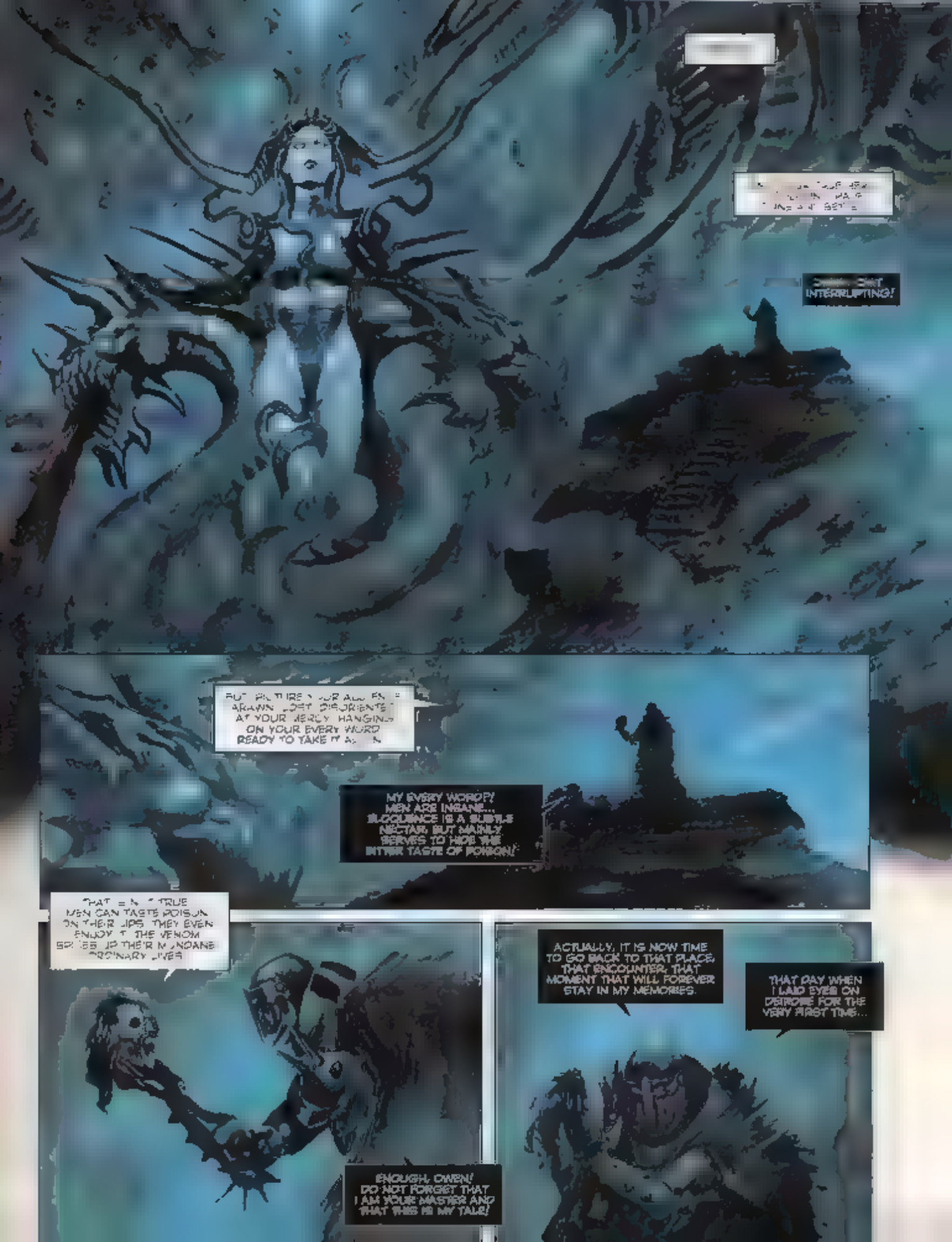
SHE LEAVES HIM NO CHANCE.
A THIRD KILL.
SIAMH SCANS FOR HER LAST OPPONENT.
UP TOP, HE WATCHES AND WAITING.

ONCE AGAIN, THE SHE-WARRIOR PROVES FASTER.
THE WOLF-MAN REFUSES TO DIE, IN SPITE OF HIS LETHAL WOUNDS.
HE MUST DIE!
NEITHER HUMANS NOR BEASTS, THE WOLF-MEN ARE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, DEMONS...
THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO KILL THEM..
BEHEADING THEM! TEARING THEIR HEADS OFF!
CUTTING THE BRANCHES SO THAT NO LEAF MAY SPRING BACK!
UNFORTUNATELY, ONE OF THEM USED SHAMI'S MOMENT OF INATTENTION TO SLIP THROUGH THE NIGHT.
SHE OPTS NOT TO GO AFTER HIM NOW, OUTSIDE, THE DARKNESS AND COLD WOULD PLAY IN HIS FAVOR.

THE NEXT DAY, SIAMH FOLLOWS HIS TRACKS.
ONE MUST NEVER LEAVE AN ADVERSARY THE OCCASION TO STRIKE AGAIN
TRACKING THE WOLF-MAN IS AN EASY TASK.
HURT, LOSING MOUNDS OF BLOOD, THE CREATURE'S MARKS ARE CLEAR TO SEE.
ALL OF A SUDDEN, A RUSTLE, A CRACKLING, BARELY AUDIBLE...
SHE FELL INTO HIS TRAP, HE DOUBLED BACK ON HER.
SIAMH HEARS HIM, BUT IT'S TOO LATE...

THIS TIME, THE CREATURE MAKES THE FIRST MOVE. THIS TIME, IT'S FASTER!
THE SHE-WARRIOR MUST THOOK BETWEEN THE SWORD AND THE HAND THAT WIELDS IT
THE WOLF-MAN SAVORS HIS WIN.
HE REVELS IN THE POWERLESS RAGE OF HIS VICTIM...
HE INHALES HER SCENT, TASTES HER DELICATE SKIN. HE GAUGES THE FULLNESS OF SIAMA'S BLOOD.
HE IS READY TO TASTE THAT NECTAR...

SIANH ALWAYS KEEPS A DAGGER IN HER BOOT. CARRYING ONLY ONE WEAPON IS FOOLISH.
WITHOUT EVEN A GLANCE BEHIND HER, SHE HEADS BACK.
SHE DOES NOT REALIZE THE PRESENCE OF A THIRD BEING.
A THIRD WITNESS TO THE SCENE.
FRIEND OR FOE...THE MAN REMAINS SILENT...


[illegible]
[illegible] INTERRUPTING!
BUT BEFORE YOUR ALLIES ARAWN JOST DISORIENTS AT YOUR VERY HANGING ON YOUR EVERY WORD READY TO TAKE [illegible]
MY EVERY WORD? MEN ARE INSANE... BLOODVINE IS A SUBTLE NECTAR, BUT MAINLY SERVES TO HIDE THE BITTER TASTE OF POISON!
THAT [illegible] TRUE MEN CAN TASTE POISON ON THEIR LIPS. THEY EVEN ENJOY IT. THE VENOM SPICES UP THEIR MUNDANE ORDINARY LIVES.
ENOUGH, OWEN! DO NOT FORGET THAT I AM YOUR MASTER AND THAT THIS IS MY TALE!
ACTUALLY, IT IS NOW TIME TO GO BACK TO THAT PLACE, THAT ENCOUNTER, THAT MOMENT THAT WILL FOREVER STAY IN MY MEMORIES.
THAT DAY WHEN I LAID EYES ON DEIRDRE FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME...

SILENCE, OWEN!! OR I WILL THROW YOUR TONGUE TO THE FLAMES!!
GREEHOLM STILL THINKS HE IS A LORD. I WON THE BATTLE WITHOUT A FIGHT...
DID THAT OLD GOAT REALLY THINK HE COULD DECEIVE ME SUCH?...
WERE YOU
IMPOSSIBLE THE WEAPON
GREEHOLM COULD NOT TURN THE DARK SWORD AGAINST ME. THE CAULDRON OF BLOOD HAD GIVEN IT TO ME.
IT ONLY OBEYED ME

ENOUGH, KING GRENDOLM. NO MORE PRETENSE. SURRENDER OR BE SLAIN WHERE YOU STAND.
GRENDOLM'S MEN. COWARDS. A POOR EXCUSE FOR WARRIORS.
CATTLE THAT RUN AROUND AND STICK THEIR NECKS OUT FOR SLAUGHTER. RESIGNED TO THEIR PLIGHT.

NO ARAWN. YOU WON KEEP MY CROWN. BUT BEG YOU SPARE ME I'LL FLEE WON'T COME BACK I'LL NEVER CHALLENGE YOU AGAIN
YOU'RE BLEATING LIKE THE LAMB BEFORE THE WOLF
ARE YOU NOT ASHAMED TO BEGGING IN YOUR KNEES IN FRONT OF
SUCH UNWORTHY MEN DO NOT DESERVE TO LIVE!
NO IN THE END I'LL LEAVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE I'LL LET YOUR WIFE DECIDE
A QUICK DEATH OR A LONG AND PAINFUL ONE?
PAIN IT IS, THEN!
AAAAAAHH!!!

DEIRDRE WANTED TO JOIN HER HUSBAND IN DEATH.
PREFERRING NOTHINGNESS TO A BLOODTHIRSTY BEAST'S MO...
I LIKE YOUR PRIDE AND YOUR COURAGE... BUT YOU LACK GOOD SENSE. THIS IS NOT THE WAY YOU WILL END YOUR LIFE
LET ME GO, YOU BARBARIAN.
GIVE ME THIS NEEDLE. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE IT.
YOUR WOUNDS ARE MERELY SUPERFICIAL. YOU'LL LIVE.

ANOTHER DAY. ANOTHER PLACE. THE FOREST OF THE ANGLES...
A RIDER. ALONE. A MAN WITHOUT AN ESCORT.
THE KING OF THE ANGLES IS USED TO HUNTING ALONE.
HE FOLLOWS THE SAME PATH. GOES UNDER THE SAME TREE. EVERY DAY. ALONE.
HIS MURDERER NEEDS ONLY AWAIT HIS PASSAGE. HIDDEN IN THE FOLIAGE.
THE FIRST ARROW BARELY MISSES HIS HEART.
THE SECOND ONE DOESN'T.

THIS SHOUT
A TRAP?!
TOO LATE
THE RIDER SCANS THE WOODS... BUT HE CANNOT SEE THE ASSASIN.
GARBED WITH THE CLOAK OF SHADOWS, HE REMAINS INVISIBLE.
HELP
QUICK HE KING S

!!!
AN AMBUSH
WHERE COULD THE ARCHERS HIDE
THE CLOAK OF SHADOWS IS CAPABLE OF FOOLING THE HUMAN EYE, BUT NOT FLAWLESSLY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT...
SLAVE TO HIS HABITS, THE KING OF THE ANGLES NEGLECTED BASIC PRUDENCE. RECKLESS AND STUPID, THE MONARCH FELL... AS STUPID MEN DO...
THUS DID ENGUS CONQUER THE KINGDOM OF THE ANGLES ..BY RUSE. WITHOUT FIGHTING.

WITH GRIMHOLM'S THRONE VACANT, THE PEOPLE CHOSE ME UNANIMOUSLY.
I WAS FINALLY KING. I HAD WHAT I NEEDED, BUT I HAD NEVER FELT WEAKER.
RICHES, GLORY, THE THRONE, THE CROWN... WHAT WAS THE POINT? I DIDN'T WANT IT ANYMORE.
ALL THAT LUXURY LEFT ME INDIFFERENT, SICKENED ME...
I WAS THE KING. ALL WAS MINE, AND STILL... I WAS NOTHING. I WAS NOT MASTER OF MY DESTINY ANYMORE.
MY SPIRIT WAS TROUBLED, HAUNTED...
...BY SOMETHING ELSE...
...OR RATHER, BY SOMEONE...
DEMONIA... WHO BLOOD MY HEART AND MY SOUL...
HEAVY METAL 43

I WANTED HER AS MY QUEEN, MY WIFE, MY CONSORT.
TO RULE WITH ME.
BUT I WAS JUST A WARRIOR, A BARBARIAN.
I KNEW NOTHING OF ELOQUENCE, OF THE SUBTLETIES OF LANGUAGE.
AGAINST A WILL STRONGER THAN STONE...
...I FELT WEAK, NAKED, DISARMED.

A STRANGE FEELING FOR ME.
FOR THE FIRST TIME, I KNEW THE BITTER TASTE OF DEFEAT.
HOWEVER, HER HEART WAS NOT AN IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS.
IT HAD TO HAVE SOME SORT OF WEAKNESS, SOME PLACE TO BREACH IN.
I JUST HAD TO FIND IT.
I HAD NOTHING TO LOSE. I WAS NOTHING, ALREADY. MY LIFE... WHAT WAS IT WORTH WITHOUT HER?...

NEVER [illegible] BY A MERE WOMAN!
WOMEN. THERE IS NO SHORTAGE OF THEM. COULD [illegible] MORE REAL [illegible]
[illegible] DID [illegible]
OWEN! YOU RESPECT NOTHING! NOT HER MEMORY, NOR YOUR MASTER!
DEIRDRE WAS MY SPOUSE. FOR TWO YEARS. HAPPY. DEIRDRE... THE ONLY WOMAN I HAVE EVER LOVED...
[illegible] THAT'S [illegible] FORGOT [illegible] THE FOOLISHNESS COMMITTED IN ITS NAME
SHUT UP, OWEN! YOU ANNOY ME!
LOVE...MATH NEVER FELT IT IN HIS LIFE. I AM CERTAIN THAT HE DESPISED IT...MATH... THAT STRANGE CREATURE DESIGNED FOR CONQUEST. DRIVEN BY FORCE.
HE SET FOOT ON THE ISLAND OF [illegible] AS AN INVADER...
A BRUTAL AND BLOODY TYRANT, MATH MERCILESSLY SQUASHED ALL RESISTANCE.

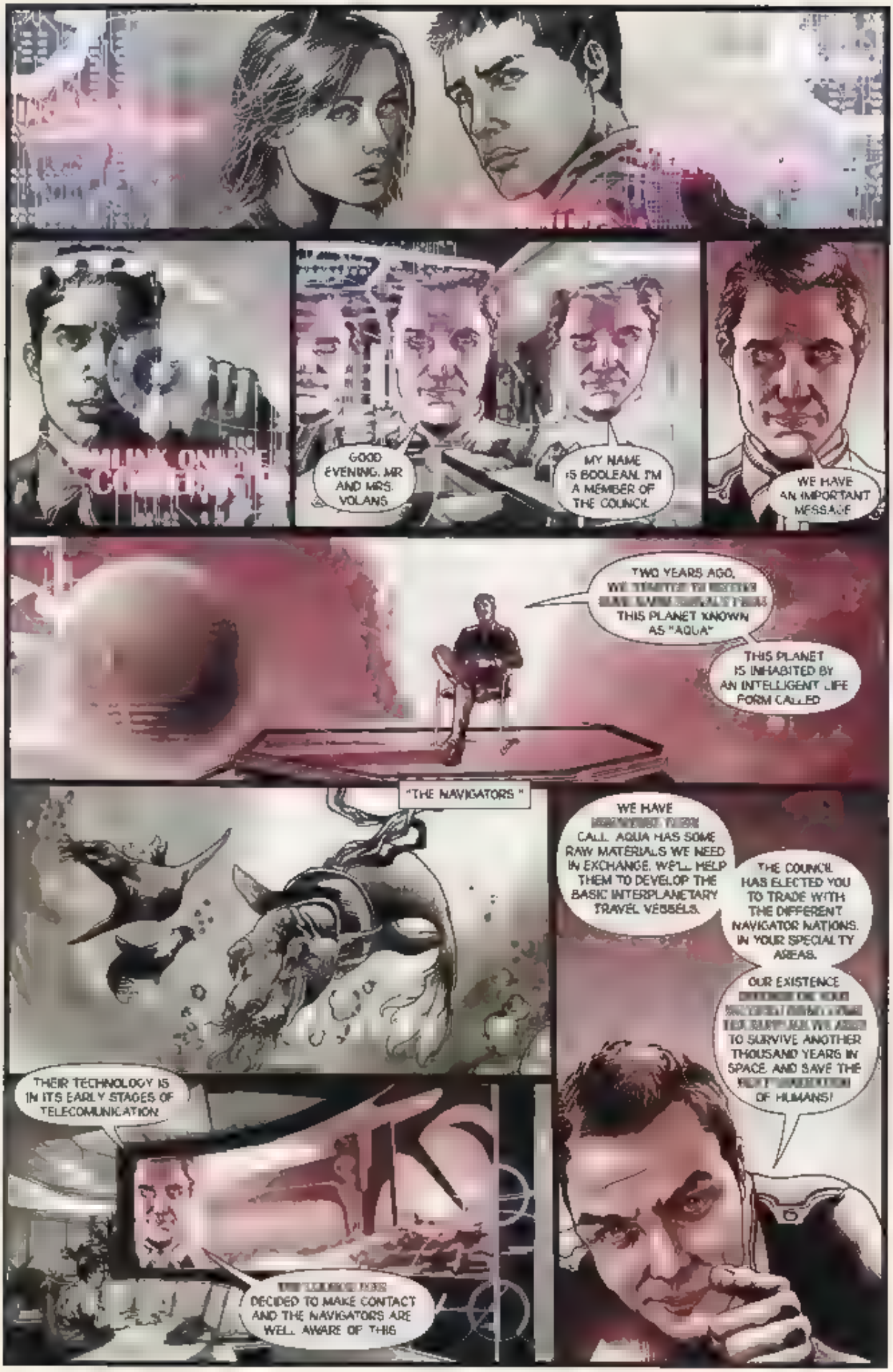
MURDER WAS FOR HIM AN END AS WELL AS A MEANS.
ERIN'S KING LEARNED IT THE HARD WAY.
IN HIS MOMENTUM, MATH ALSO KILLED THE QUEEN...
...AS WELL AS THEIR SON AND DAUGHTER. THE TWO HEIRS. MATH WOULD NOT TOLERATE A CHANCE OF UPRISING.
NOOO
ANYONE LEFT CRAZY ENOUGH TO CHALLENGE ME?
VERY WELL. IN YOUR KNEES, WORMS!
BOW DOWN TO YOUR NEW KING!

IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN HOW CLOSE MATH WAS TO FALL INTO MADNESS AND HORROR...
MAYBE I WOULD NOT HAVE GIVEN IN TO DEMONE'S WISHES...
IF I HAD ONLY LISTENED TO THE VOICE OF REASON...
BUT REASON, IN THOSE DAYS, DICTATED OTHERWISE...
AT NIGHT, WHEN EVERYONE ELSE WAS ASLEEP...

ACCORDING TO THE CAULDRON, I HAD TO MAKE A PACT WITH THE TRIBE OF THE MOUNTAIN GIANTS.
THE NARROW PASSAGE IS FREAKING ME OUT
WHEN IS YOUR MARINE
IT MUST BE A TRAP
YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED AT THE CASTLE
AN AMBUSH...
PREPARE FOR BATTLE TO THE DEATH

THE LEADER. I HAD TO SLAY HIM. AND QUICK.
IT WAS OUR ONLY CHANCE.
THE GIANTS QUIT FIGHTING RIGHT AWAY... I HAD KILLED THEIR LEADER. THEY NOW HAD TO FIND A NEW ONE. THE BEST AMONG THE WARRIORS.
THEY PICKED ME. UNANIMOUSLY..
TO BE CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

28,000 LIGHT YEARS FROM EARTH.
CANIS MAJOR DWARF GALAXY
AND A NEWBORN OUT SPARTIUM
TAKE IT EASY MY DEAR
WE MUST WAIT UNTIL THE COUNCIL MAKES ITS DECISION COLUMBA
WE JUST NEED A FEW MORE WEEKS


GOOD EVENING, MR AND MRS. VOLANS
MY NAME IS BOOLEAN. I'M A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL
WE HAVE AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE
TWO YEARS AGO,
THIS PLANET KNOWN AS "AQUA"
THIS PLANET IS INHABITED BY AN INTELLIGENT LIFE FORM CALLED
"THE NAVIGATORS"
WE HAVE
CALL AQUA HAS SOME RAW MATERIALS WE NEED IN EXCHANGE. WE'LL HELP THEM TO DEVELOP THE BASIC INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL VESSELS.
THE COUNCIL HAS ELECTED YOU TO TRADE WITH THE DIFFERENT NAVIGATOR NATIONS. IN YOUR SPECIALTY AREAS.
OUR EXISTENCE
TO SURVIVE ANOTHER THOUSAND YEARS IN SPACE, AND SAVE THE
OF HUMANS!
THEIR TECHNOLOGY IS IN ITS EARLY STAGES OF TELECOMUNICATION
DECIDED TO MAKE CONTACT AND THE NAVIGATORS ARE WELL AWARE OF THIS

SEVEN HUMAN WEEKS LATER
WELL RETURN, MY SON. WE LOVE YOU.
MRS. VOLANS, YOUR TRANSPORT HAS ARRIVED
THANK YOU, NANA.
IT'S BEEN THIRTY SEVEN YEARS SINCE THE LAST TIME I FLEW OUTSIDE OF THE MOTHERSHIP
I HOPE I DON'T PUKE INSIDE OF MY HELMET!
THAT'S THE LAST THING TO WORRY ABOUT GUYS.
I WAS TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT BEING MISTAKEN FOR A SNACK BY FAMISHED ALIENS
AND THEN BEING CHASED FOR HALF A LIGHT YEAR BY THEM
YOU DON'T HAVE TO REMIND US! PEOPLE WERE AWARE OF THAT MISTAKE THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
ALL UNITS GET READY WE ARE ENTERING AGDA'S ATMOSPHERE IN T MINUS SIX

"FIELD TEAM IS READY TO RECEIVE YOU."
"OUR HOSTS WILL CONFIRM THE RENDEZVOUS SITE. THEN YOU WILL PROCEED."
"WE'RE READY TO BROADCAST AS SOON AS WE SEE THE BEACON."
"THERE IT IS!"
<WE ARE HUMANITY'S REPRESENTATIVES
<WE COME TO THE GREEN NAVIGATOR'S REALM IN PEACE LOOKING FOR MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING AND BENEFITS >
<THE GREEN NAVIGATOR'S COUNTRY WELCOMES YOU, SWIMMERS OF THE STARS. WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU FOR FAR TOO LONG >
<COME TO OUR FLAG SHIP. WE MUST TALK ABOUT THE TERMS OF TRADE WITH THE FREE NATIONS' REPRESENTATIVES >
REMEMBER WHAT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT BEFORE OMINI ?
THANKS FOR THE REMINDER!

< WE HAVE RECEIVED THE LIST OF MOLECULES YOU NEED >
< EXCEPT FOR TRITIUM. WE CAN'T GIVE IT TO YOU. >
< I DON'T UNDERSTAND >
TRITIUM IS A PRIORITY WE PROVIDED YOU WITH THE EQUATIONS AND PRINCIPLES OF SPACE NAVIGATION, AS YOU ASKED. >
< AND WE APPRECIATE IT BUT OUR COMPUTERS AREN'T FAST ENOUGH TO GENERATE THE REQUIRED CALCULATIONS. WE NEED A BETTER SUPERCONDUCTOR. NIOBIUM. >
< AND THAT'S A VERY RARE METAL IN OUR PLANET! WITHOUT IT YOUR EQUATIONS ARE USELESS TO US! >
ALL RIGHT. WE KNEW THIS COULD HAPPEN.
THE DATA HAS ARRIVED. WE CAN NEGOTIATE ACCORDING TO THE PLAN
< WE HAVE AN OFFER >
< WE CAN PROVIDE ONE KILOGRAM OF NIOBIUM FOR EACH METRIC TON OF TRITIUM. >
WE AGREE !>
CONTACT VESSEL, SEND A MESSAGE
THEY HAVE ACCEPTED OUR FIRST OFFER!

A FEW WEEKS LATER
IT'S TOO EARLY TO SAY
" IF THERE'LL BE A REDUCTION IN THIS YEAR'S HARVEST BUT THE AGRO UNION WILL GO ON STRIKE IF THE COUNCIL CUTS THE TRITIUM SUPPLY "
PLEASE EXPLAIN TO US THIS SITUATION, COUNCELOR BOOLEAN.
THE PROBES FOUND A VAST BED OF NIOBIUM IN PLANET GRIS. WHY DID THE COUNCIL STOP THE EXTRACTION?
THERE IS AN IMPORTANT ISSUE LISTEN.
WE NEVER KNEW ABOUT THIS ARE THERE ANY OTHER INTELLIGENT LIFE FORMS IN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM?
MAYBE THEY THINK OUR PROBES ARE INVADERS HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?
IT SEEMS LIKE OUR NEW ALLIES, THE NAVIGATORS, JAMMED THOSE SIGNAL TO PREVENT US FROM CONTACTING THE NATIVES IN GRIS. WE WERE MISLAID FOR YEARS. GRIS IS NOT A DEAD PLANET FAR FROM IT
ANYWAY THE DAMAGE IS DONE WE MUST FIND AN ALTERNATIVE QUICKLY

" TO GO DOWN THERE AND DO YOUR BEST TO FIX IT "
KEEP AWAY FROM THE YELLOW CLOUDS. IT IS HYDROCHLORIC ACID!
BELLADONA AND CIRIUS. SLOW DOWN YOU'RE COMING TOO FAST!
WHAT? WHERE ARE YOU? WE CAN'T SEE YOU!
THE RADAR SAYS YOU'RE IN CRASH COURSE WITH ME SLOW DOWN!
WATCH OUT SPARTRAX!
DON'T HURT IT! WAIT
DEPLOY VESSEL START TRANSMISSION! I THINK WE'VE MADE FIRST CONTACT
DAMN IT
CRAP HELP ME!
PEOPLE OF GRIS PLANET WE ANSWER YOUR SIGNALS.

I CAN'T GET AWAY!! DO SOMETHING!! I CAN'T HOLD ON ANY LONGER.
DON'T ATTACK IT!
WE DON'T KNOW IF IT'S A GREETING RITE. IF WE ATTACK HIM WE'LL BE TAKEN AS A MENACE!
DEPLOY VESSEL, REPEAT TRANSMISSION!
YOU, PEOPLE OF GRIS PLANET WE ANSWER YOUR SIGNALS.
THUD!
COLUMBA, WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE???
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT THING?

WE ARE THE GRIS PEOPLE DON'T MOVE.
YOU WERE ATTACKED BY ONE OF OUR ENEMIES..
PLEASE, FOLLOW US.
A...W
DEPLOY VESSEL. CONTACT THE COUNCIL
THE GRIS PEOPLE ARE TELEPATHS

WELCOME TO OUR PLANET.
WE HAVE TANGIBLE EVIDENCE OF YOUR TRANSACTION WITH PLANET AQUA...WE ARE THE ONES THAT LEAKED THE SIGNAL THAT MADE YOU COME HERE, WHICH BRINGS US TO THE REASON WHY WE WERE SEEKING AN AUDIENCE WITH YOU. WE DEMAND...
T T CAN BE ARRANGED BUT PLEASE, LET US EXPLAIN.
IT WASN'T OUR FAULT. THE NAVIGATORS DECEIVED US. THEY
YOU DON'T NEED TO. WE'VE SEEN YOUR MINDS. WE KNOW YOUR RACE IS NEAR STARVATION. YOU NEED THE GOODS OF PLANET AQUA AND TO OBTAIN THEM, YOU NEED OUR NIOBIUM.
YOU HAVE TECHNOLOGY ABLE TO TURN OUR CIVILIZATION INTO ASHES.
WE DON'T WANT TO DECLARE WAR. WE'D RATHER COOPERATE.
SO, HUMANS... DO WE HAVE A DEAL?
WE'LL RETURN TO OUR SPACESHIP TO INFORM ABOUT YOUR DECISION.

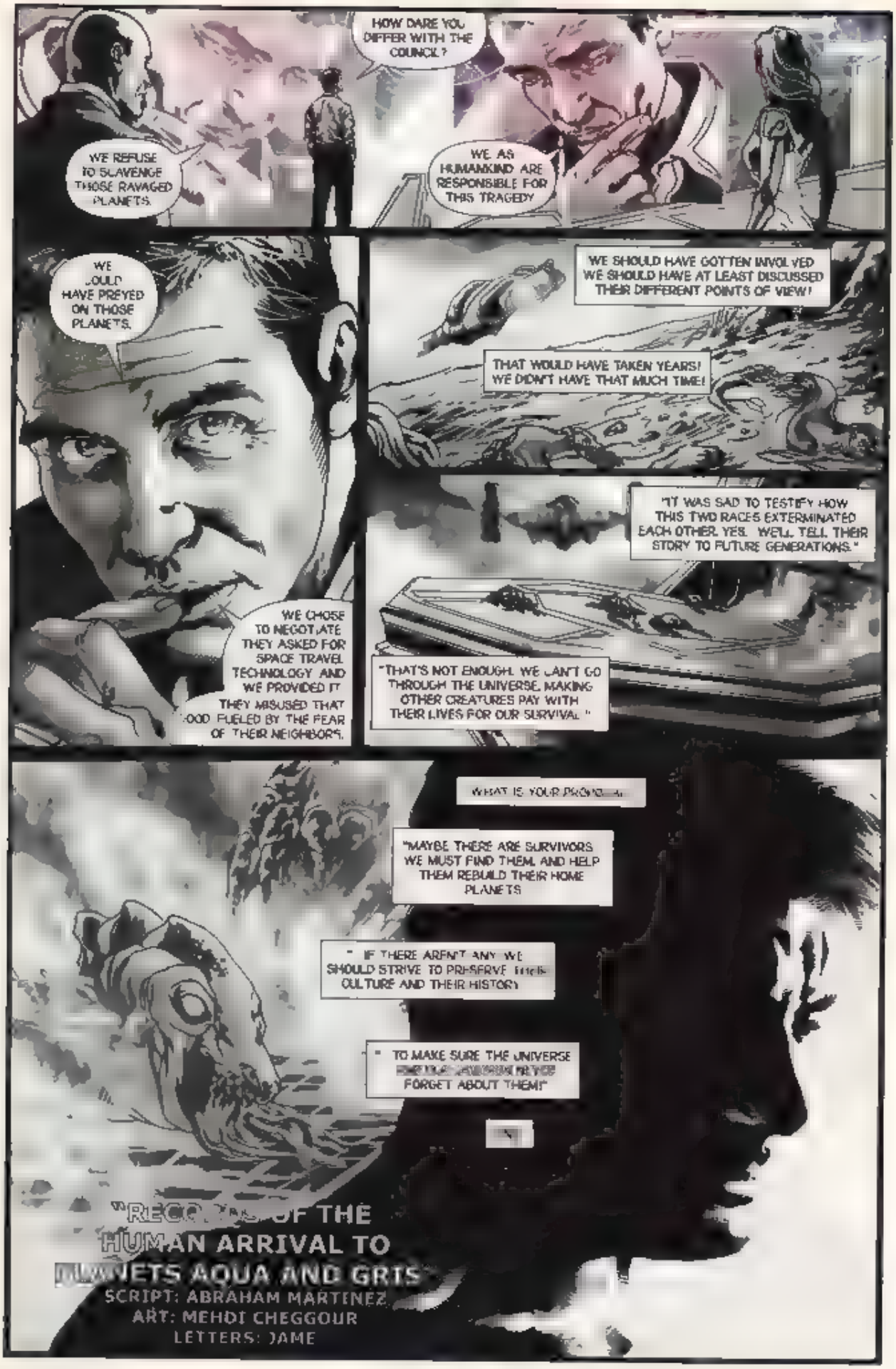
WE STILL HAVE A QUESTION: IF THEY INVADED YOUR BRAIN, [redacted] FOUND OUT EVERYTHING ABOUT US.
HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO MAKE A DEAL WITH THEM? THEY'D PULL OUT ANY INFORMATION THEY NEED!
THEY KNEW EVERYTHING ABOUT US AFTER THEY TOOK US TO THEIR SHIP. THEY MANAGED TO PUT US THROUGH AN X-RAY SCAN.
THEY FOUND OUT OUR WEAKNESSES AND OUR TECHNOLOGICAL CAPACITY. THEY EVEN FOUND OUT ABOUT THE DEAL WITH THEIR NEIGHBORS! AND THEY WANT THE SAME EQUATIONS AND PRINCIPLES OF SPACE-SHIP ENGINES.
I BET THEY TRIED TO PULL IT OUT OF OUR BRAINS. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?
THEY CAN'T PULL OUT THE BLUEPRINTS, SIMPLY BECAUSE WE DON'T KNOW THEM!
"EN OIDA OTI UDEN OIDA."
HA-HA-HA-HA!
UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT HOW TELEPATHY WORKS, OR HOW TO DEFEND OURSELVES, WE'LL RESTRICT THE VISITS TO PLANET GRIS.
YOU WERE GREAT BABE. JUST HAVE ONE QUESTION.
WHAT WAS THAT PHRASE THE COUNCILOR SAID?
THE ONLY THING I KNOW IS THAT I DON'T KNOW A DAMN THING."

ONE AGEA YEAR LATER.
<THE LAST CARGO IS READY DR. LAURA.>
THINK THE TIME TO SAY GOODBYE HAS COME, DEAR FRIEND.>
<WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?>
<WE'LL MOVE CLOSE THE ASTEROIDS TO BUILD NEW STARSHIPS.>
<BY THE WAY I HEARD YOU'LL HAVE YOUR FIRST NAVIGATOR IN SPACE NEXT MONTH.>
<OH YES. WE'RE VERY EXCITED.>
UNFORTUNATELY SOME COUNTRIES AREN'T THEY DEMAND US TO SHARE THIS KNOWLEDGE. THEY SAY SPACE BELONGS TO THEM, TOO.>
<THERE IS ROOM FOR EVERYONE, MY FRIEND.>
THE VESSEL IS READY DOC.
THANKS. I'LL BE READY IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES, MR. VOLANS.
T WAS AN HONOR TO WORK WITH YOU, DR. FARDIVE >
<THE HONOR WAS MINE, DR. LAURA. MAY THE GODS OF THE TIDE GUIDE YOU SAFELY >
64 HEAVY METAL

THE LAST MINING FACILITY IS SHUT DOWN NOW
YOU HAVE HONORED OUR DEAL. NOW WE CAN REACH THE STARS, TOO.
IT'S NEEDLESS TO SAY ANYTHING ELSE. WE KNOW THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME WE SEE EACH OTHER.
WELL, RESPECT YOUR DESIRE TO LIVE AWAY FROM US, AS YOU'LL DO THE SAME.
GOOD BYE, HUMANS!
FLY AWAY THE YELLOW CLOUDS. CRIS PEOPLE
MRS. VOLANS. WHY DID THEY NEVER WANT TO BEFRIEND US?
BECAUSE THEY HAVE SEEN THROUGH OUR MINDS. THEY'RE AFRAID OF WHAT WE'RE CAPABLE OF
AND WE'RE AFRAID OF THEM, BECAUSE WE CAN'T HIDE WHAT WE ARE
IT IS HEART WRENCHING. BUT NOW THEY KNOW THAT OUR POLITICS ARE BASED ON LIES.

" AND POLITICS ARE BASED ON LIES. TO ENSURE THE FUTURE "
THREE HUMAN YEARS LATER
DRACUS!
COME BACK HERE
LET HIM RUN. SPARTIUM HE NEEDS FRESH AIR FROM THE CORE FIELDS.
I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE IN A WHILE. I FORGOT HOW GREEN AND BEAUTIFUL IT WAS.
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HOW DESOLATED IT BECAME LAST YEAR.
HOW CLOSE WE WERE TO STARVING. I JUST CAN'T PUT IN PLAIN WORDS HOW GLAD I AM IT'S FINALLY OVER.
WE WERE ALWAYS AWARE, COUSIN. IT WAS IN OUR MINDS EVERY MINUTE DOWN THERE
THOSE ALIENS GAVE US THE MEANS TO SURVIVE. THEY TRADED THEM FOR THE DREAM TO REACH SPACE
I THINK MOST PEOPLE CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE HOW MUCH MISERY IS NEEDED IN ORDER TO OBTAIN EVEN THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF PROSPERITY

WE HAVE TERRIBLE NEWS.
IT SEEMS LIKE PLANETS GRIS
INTERPLANETARY CONFLICT
SATELITES. NAVIGATORS CLAIM THE GRIS PLANET LAUNCHED SEVERAL KINETIC MISSILES WITHOUT WARNING.
IT ISN'T CLEAR WHO ATTACKED FIRST PLANET GRIS SURFACE HAS BEEN UNDER HEAVY FIRE DURING THE LAST HOURS.
THE COUNCIL HAS DECIDED TO
AVOID FURTHER CONTACT WITH BOTH CULTURES.
RADICAL SILENCE HAS BEEN
NO HUMAN IS ALLOWED TO
ANY
MRS. AND MR. VOLANS. WE HAVE A NEW MISSION FOR YOU.


HOW DARE YOU DIFFER WITH THE COUNCIL?
WE REFUSE TO SCAVENGE THOSE RAVAGED PLANETS.
WE AS HUMANKIND ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS TRAGEDY
WE SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN INVOLVED WE SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST DISCUSSED THEIR DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW!
THAT WOULD HAVE TAKEN YEARS! WE DIDN'T HAVE THAT MUCH TIME!
WE SHOULD HAVE PREYED ON THOSE PLANETS.
WE CHOSE TO NEGOTIATE THEY ASKED FOR SPACE TRAVEL TECHNOLOGY AND WE PROVIDED IT THEY MISUSED THAT GOOD FUELED BY THE FEAR OF THEIR NEIGHBORS.
"IT WAS SAD TO TESTIFY HOW THIS TWO RACES EXTERMINATED EACH OTHER. YES. WELL. TELL. THEIR STORY TO FUTURE GENERATIONS."
"THAT'S NOT ENOUGH. WE CAN'T GO THROUGH THE UNIVERSE, MAKING OTHER CREATURES PAY WITH THEIR LIVES FOR OUR SURVIVAL."
WHAT IS YOUR PROPOSAL
"MAYBE THERE ARE SURVIVORS WE MUST FIND THEM. AND HELP THEM REBUILD THEIR HOME PLANETS
" IF THERE AREN'T ANY WE SHOULD STRIVE TO PRESERVE THEIR CULTURE AND THEIR HISTORY
" TO MAKE SURE THE UNIVERSE [illegible] FORGET ABOUT THEM!"
"RECO[illegible]OF THE HUMAN ARRIVAL TO [illegible]PLANETS AQUA AND GRIS"
SCRIPT: ABRAHAM MARTINEZ
ART: MEHDI CHEGGOUR
LETTERS: JAME

METAL MEDIA

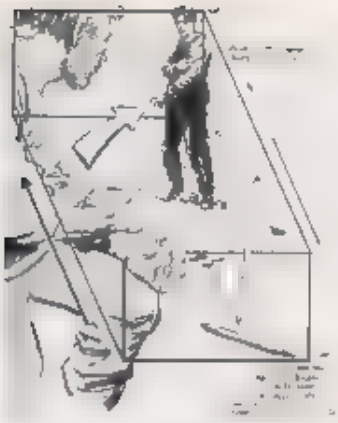
PROFILE **RAFAEL KAYANAN**

INK n SLASH

First in a series that will examine cutting edge genre art and the science fiction/fantasy world's most creative personalities

BY HORATIO WEISFELD

Some people blow me away with their multi-talent. Rob Zombie is one: Rock star and successful film director. Arthur Suydam is another. First he was well-known for his 80's artwork in HEAVY METAL, and now he's reached a whole new generation with his outrageous cover paintings. But do any of Suydam's young fans know he's also a professional rockabilly musician who's scored studio films and sometimes plays with Bruce Springsteen?



This brings me to a former collaborator who might possess the most stupefying dual talents of all: **Rafael Kayanan**. Since I first met Raf, he has emerged from the comic book trenches and laid siege to the fortresses of stage and film, where he works as a visual concept designer and pre-production artist. Among his recent projects, Kayanan created film noir-ish scenic illustration and storyboards for Julie Taymor and U2's SPIDER-MAN Broadway show.

Rafael's artwork recalls his early influences Roger Dean, Mike Hinge and Frazetta, while still being recognizably original. And if his depiction of action belies a unique understanding of combat mechanics and his barbarians look as if they could hew a million posers into quarters, that's because when Kayanan is not at the drawing board he is a professional combat instructor and choreographer with over 30 years of study mastering the pre-eminent blade art, Sayoc Kali.

So here is the CONAN artist who puts aside his pen to teach real world edge weapons awareness to military and law enforcement. And to boot, Rafael designed (with LAST OF THE MOHICANS blade smith Daniel Winkler) a state of the art, tactical tomahawk. Can you dig it? Kayanan actually walks the walk.

To make matters more mind-bending, Raf's seemingly separate disciplines have intersected to produce unique singular results.

Case in point: the fight sequences in William Friedkin's 2003 film THE HUNTED. Kayanan and a fellow knife instructor joined the production as technical advisors, but were eventually asked to train two Oscar winning actors, Benicio Del Toro and Tommy Lee Jones, for what became some of the most savage and personal combat scenes ever recorded on film. As critic Roger Ebert described THE HUNTED's now oft-imitated close quarter duels, "We are involved in the immediate, exhausting, draining work of fighting. **physical action of a high order.**" For the complex action sequences Kayanan provided a full fight design and created innovative visual guides to assist the various production departments. As Raf describes it, "The visual guides informed the FX and wardrobe crews at what points we were at any stage of the fight, so everything could be filmed out of context and still maintain a seamless continuity." Armed with his experience, Kayanan also became an integral link between the fight and the CGI design teams during director Kerry Conran's stint developing JOHN CARTER of MARS

Presently, Rafael's concept art graces a new film by [THE FALL] director, Tarsem Singh's THE IMMORTALS. Due in the second half of 2011, this will be a big budget Greeks against The Gods battle film starring Mickey Rourke, who I expect will make one badass god killer

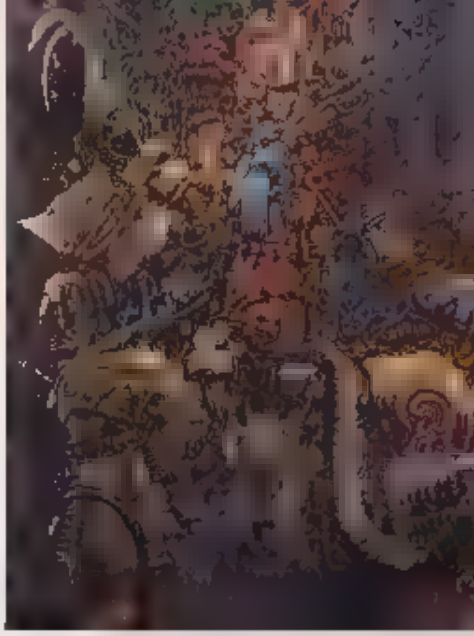
Kaganar's unique low gravity SPEC OP exo skeleton assault vehicle mashup

While working on these Hollywood jobs, Rafael has stayed true to his love of comics. He recently provided illustrations for my own HEAVY METAL story, SLAUGHTER OF THE EXTERMINATORS which appeared in the January 2009 issue. Raf's twelve illustrations created yet another cool bridge between worlds, this time merging the best of old school pulp illustration with modern digital painting techniques.

In his teens, Kayanan's dual interests in art and martial arts competed for his sole attention. As Raf explains, "Through years of determined practice I absorbed the connectivity inherent in both disciplines, and found the grace hidden in the rigors of physical combat training. With my drawing, I applied a "stay in the fight" approach in my illustration process, striving to surpass my comfort zone rather than allowing stagnation to slowly creep its way in." When students ask Kayanan for advice, he tells them to hone their skills by constant practice and improvement. It is an answer suitable for a painter or a warrior

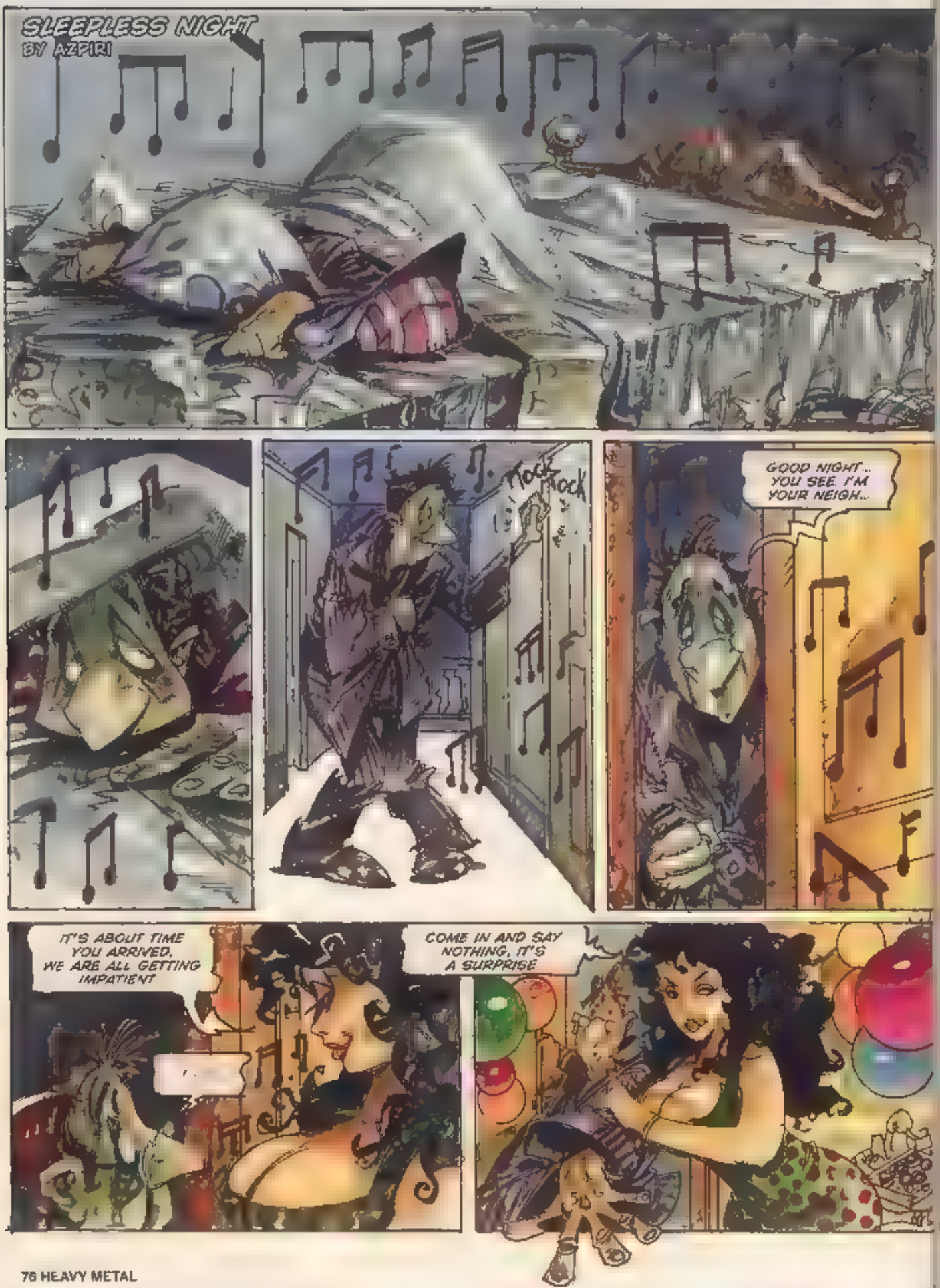
Amongst Raf's future projects is an edged weapon suspense film in which he plans to once again heighten the bar for film fight choreography. This time he contributed story concepts in addition to working as fight designer, technical consultant, and storyboard artist. Another project will be a historical graphic novel centered on warring tribal societies

So the two disciplines that once fought for Rafael Kayanan's attention have become akin to a sword and its sheath, one complementing the other – always ready for the next battle



Visit Rafael's art blog at rafaelkayanan.blogspot.com

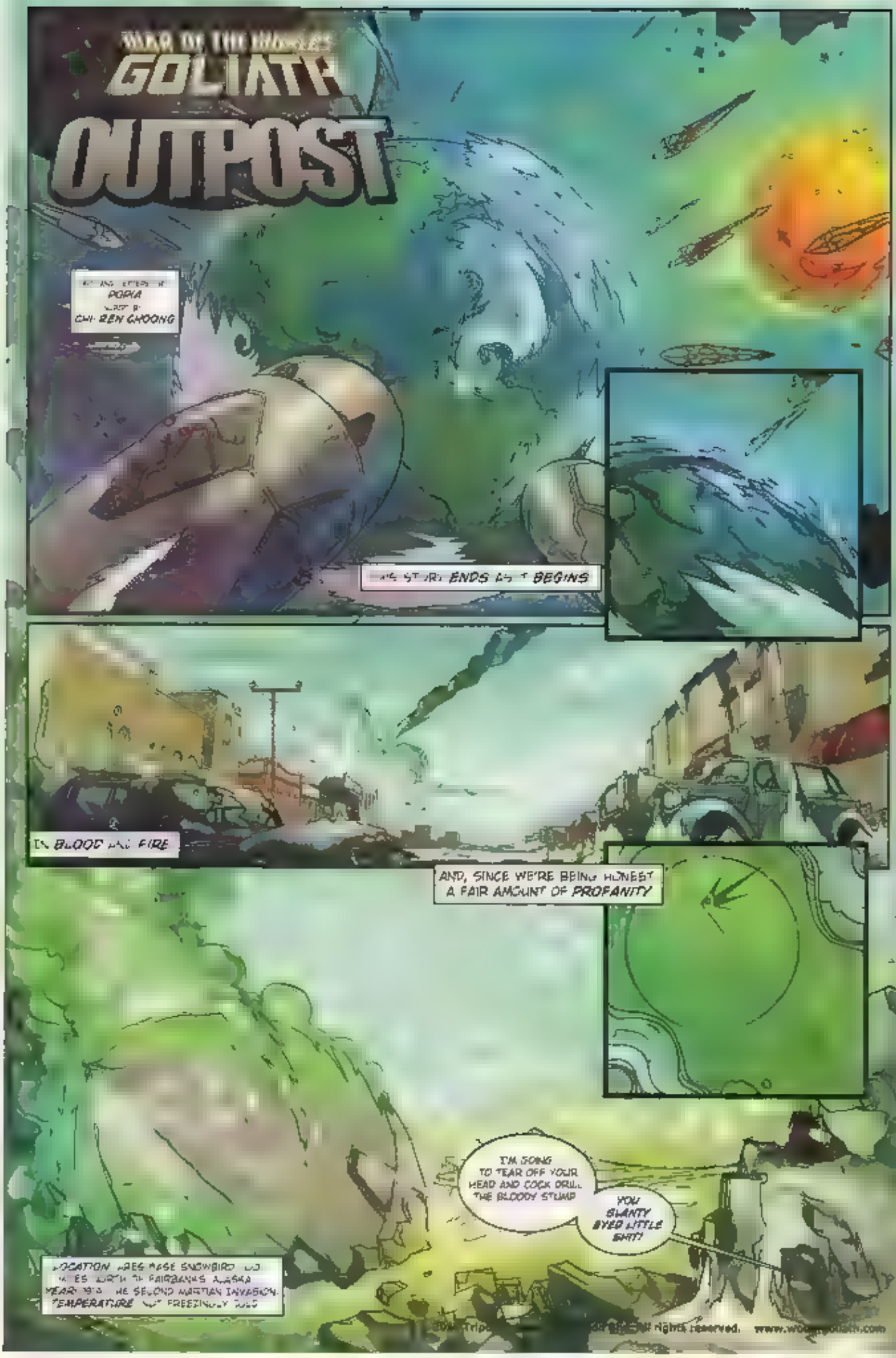
All images included in this article © 2011 Rafael Kayanan


SLEEPLESS NIGHT
BY AZPIRI
TOCK TOCK
GOOD NIGHT.. YOU SEE, I'M YOUR NEIGH..
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU ARRIVED, WE ARE ALL GETTING IMPATIENT
COME IN AND SAY NOTHING, IT'S A SURPRISE

TA-DAAH! SURPRISE!
GLUBS!
WOW THEY ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE SOPHISTICATED
I LIKE WHEN THEY ARE SO NATURAL
REALLY? I DON'T KNOW IT SEEMS A LITTLE DULL
COME ON, GUY, SHAKE YOUR BODY!
CHEER UP, MAN. WE ARE NOT GOING TO EAT YOU.
WOW! HE'S ALREADY CHEERING UP
LIKE I SAID. THEY SEEM NORMAL AND THEN
AND ALL THIS IS FOR ME? WHAT GOOD FRIENDS.
IN YOUR DREAMS IT'S FOR EVERYONE
THIS GUY IS A REAL FIREMAN

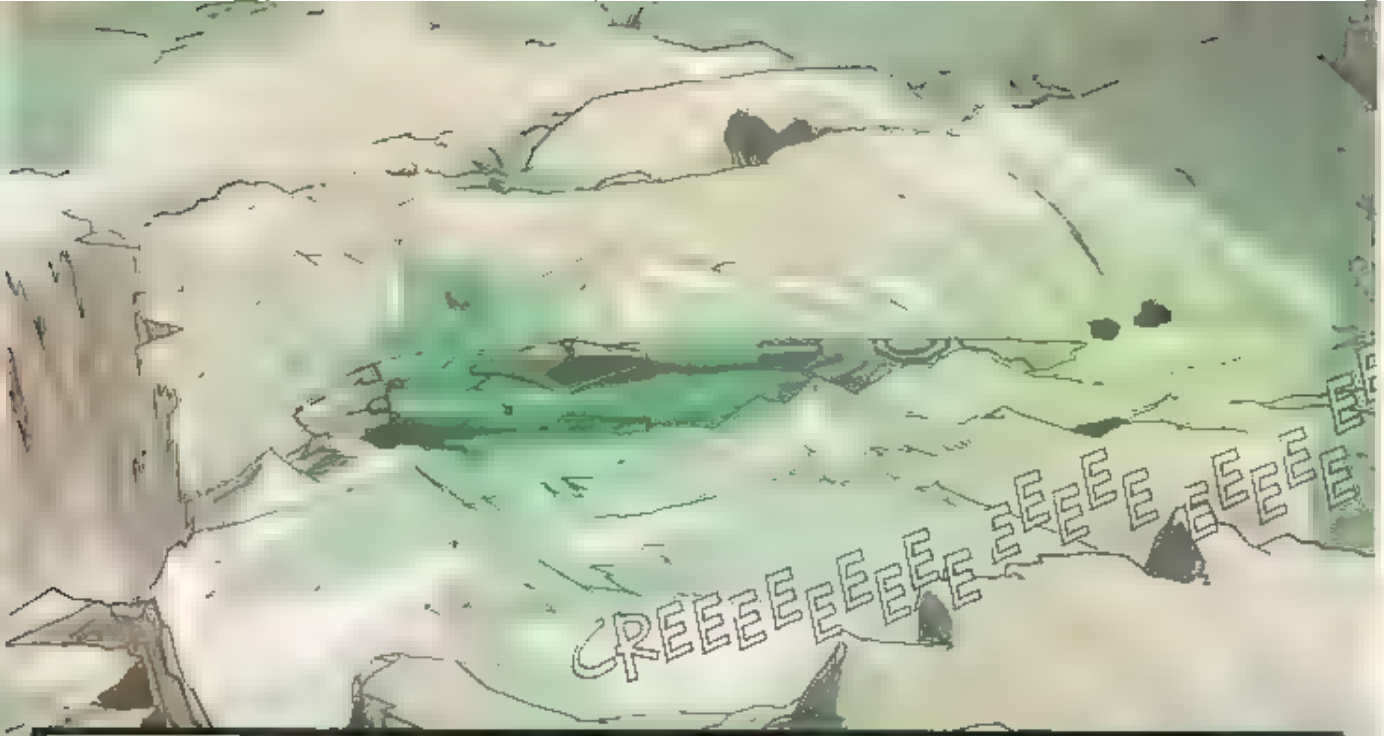
WELL, IT'S OKAY
YOU'RE MARRYING TOMORROW.
WELL, THEN I HAVE TO PRACTICE.
NO FAIR! YOU CAN'T REPEAT MORE THAN THREE TIMES.
I'VE ONLY HAD TWO
DO YOU THINK I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU?
DO YOU WANT TO KILL THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS?
WHAT EGGS ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

TWO HOURS LATER
EXCUSE ME
WHERE IS APARTMENT 4-B ?
LOOK ANOTHER ONE!
IT MUST BE AN OFFER YOU PAY FOR ONE AND GET TWO
I HOPE HE'LL BE UP TO IT
KEEP THE FAITH GIRL


WAR OF THE WORLDS
GOLIATH
OUTPOST
STORY BY
POPIA
ART BY
CHI REN CHOONG
THE STORY ENDS AS IT BEGINS
IN BLOOD AND FIRE
AND, SINCE WE'RE BEING HONEST
A FAIR AMOUNT OF PROFANITY
I'M GOING TO TEAR OFF YOUR HEAD AND COCK DRILL THE BLOODY STUMP
YOU SLANTY EYED LITTLE SHIT!
LOCATION: ARES BASE SNOWBIRD
IS ES EARTH 2 FAIRBANKS ALASKA
YEAR 2015 THE SECOND MARTIAN INVASION
TEMPERATURE: FREEZINGLY COLD

SERGEANT DANIEL "BRUTAL" LEVINE.
WARNED
HAPPEN.
FAVORITE HOBBY: PEACH
ONCE FIREBOMBED AN ENTIRE VILLAGE HOUSING SUSPECTED TERRORIST SYMPATHIZERS.
NOBODY TOUCHES MY TOOTHBRUSH!
PRIVATE LEE KIM.
IN MANDARIN: NOT THAT A FILTHY RED-HAIRED MONKEY LIKE YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND
BUT YOUR BRUSH IS USEFUL FOR CLEANING BETWEEN MY TOES
FAVORITE BOOK:
WUP
SPEAK ENGLISH, YOU HORIZONTAL SLUT!
PAK
ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT!
BOOM

CAPTAIN PATRICK RADDEN.
HAD SEXUAL RELATIONS WITH COMMANDING OFFICER'S WIFE...AND DAUGHTER
YOU PISS HEADS ARE VIOLATING MY CALM!
ZEEEEEEEEEE
NOW GET BACK TO YOUR STATIONS...
SUMMER
OR DO YOU WANT ME TO MAKE THE SLASH?
THE SLASH
NO NEED MANDARIN. ME AND HE SCOPE ARE COOL
AND LET'S TRY TO HAVE SOME PEACE AND QUIET!
MANDARIN ALL IS WELL I WILL LEARN TO TOLERATE THIS VIOLATOR OF HIS MOTHER'S PRIVATES


CREEEE

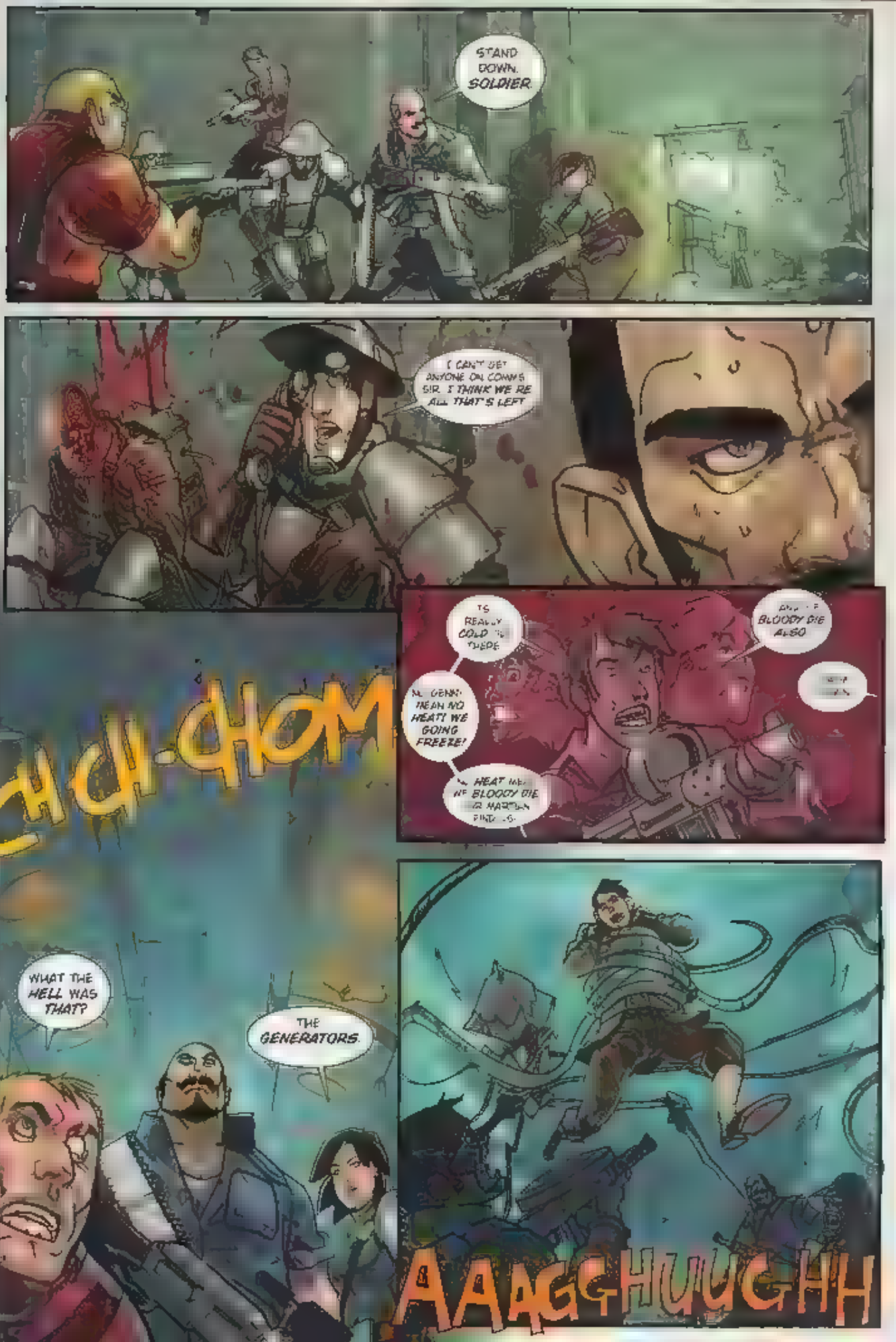
"DROP POINT ERROR"
I REQUIRE SOMETHING TO VIOLATE AND EAT (NOT NECESSARILY A THAT ORDER)
"HUMAN HABITATION LOCATED"
(PREP FOR EXOSKELETONS)
WHAT'S THAT SAYING ABOUT MISERY AND COMPANY?
RADAR PICKED UP AN INCOMING UNIDENTIFIED. CAPTAIN RADDEN TOLD ME TO CHECK IT OUT
WHAT THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE LOOK OUT FOR?
AND YOU VOLUNTEERED ME?
THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT ICE
(EAT UP BOYS. PLENTY TO GO ROUND!)
TOOOOM
MISERY CAN SUCK MY...
ZERP
HAAAH

WE'RE GETTING REPORTS FROM EVERYWHERE!
PARIS. NEW YORK SYDNEY ALL REPORT [illegible]!
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE? THEY'RE BACK
WHAT'S HAPPENING CAPTAIN?
THOOM!
WAGHHH

GOOD TO KNOW, PRIVATE.
SOUND THE ALARM! ALL MEN TO THE ARMORY!
WE'RE WITHIN THIS S ALASKA
MARTIANS! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! THEY'RE KILLING EVERYONE WHAT THE FUCK ARE THEY DOING HERE!
CRRR

THIS IS NOT A DRILL
THERE ARE THREE MARTIAN TRIPODS WITHIN THE BASE
I WANT THEM FOUND AND THEN THOROUGHLY KILLED.
AAAGH!
I JUST WASN'T GOING TO LET SOME ALIEN BALL SACK HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YOU.
DON'T THINK THIS CHANGES ANYTHING
UWA!

SLASH?
WHAT ARE YOU PUSSIES WAITING FOR--
AN ENGRAVED INVITATION?
WE GOT MARTIANS TO KILL.


STAND DOWN, SOLDIER.
I CAN'T GET ANYONE ON COMMS SIR. I THINK WE'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT
IS REALLY COLD IN THERE
I MEAN NO HEAT! WE GOING FREEZE!
BLOODY DIE ALSO
CH-CHOM
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
THE GENERATORS.
AAAGGHUUGHH

LEE! OH HELL NO!
THAT'S ENOUGH!
YES THERE ARE MARTIANS IN THE BASE NOT ONLY HERE WE'VE BEEN GETTING REPORTS OF ATTACKS AROUND THE WORLD.
AND YES WITHOUT THE GENERATOR WE'RE ALL GOING TO FREEZE TO DEATH.
AND NO, NO ONE'S GOING TO GET HERE IN TIME TO SAVE US.
SO THE QUESTION S WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANNA DO WITH YOUR LAST DAY ON EARTH?

> HUNGRY? >
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH EATING HUMANS. >
HALF AN HOUR LATER YOU'RE HUNGRY AGAIN >
HEY, YOU SHIT SWI...ING SPACE JOCKEYS
YOU POKE THE WRONG PLANET TO MESS WITH
AGAIN
RTATATATATATATATA!
RTATATATATATATATA!
RTATATATATATATATA!
RTATATATATATATATA!

NO WAY
YOU LIVE

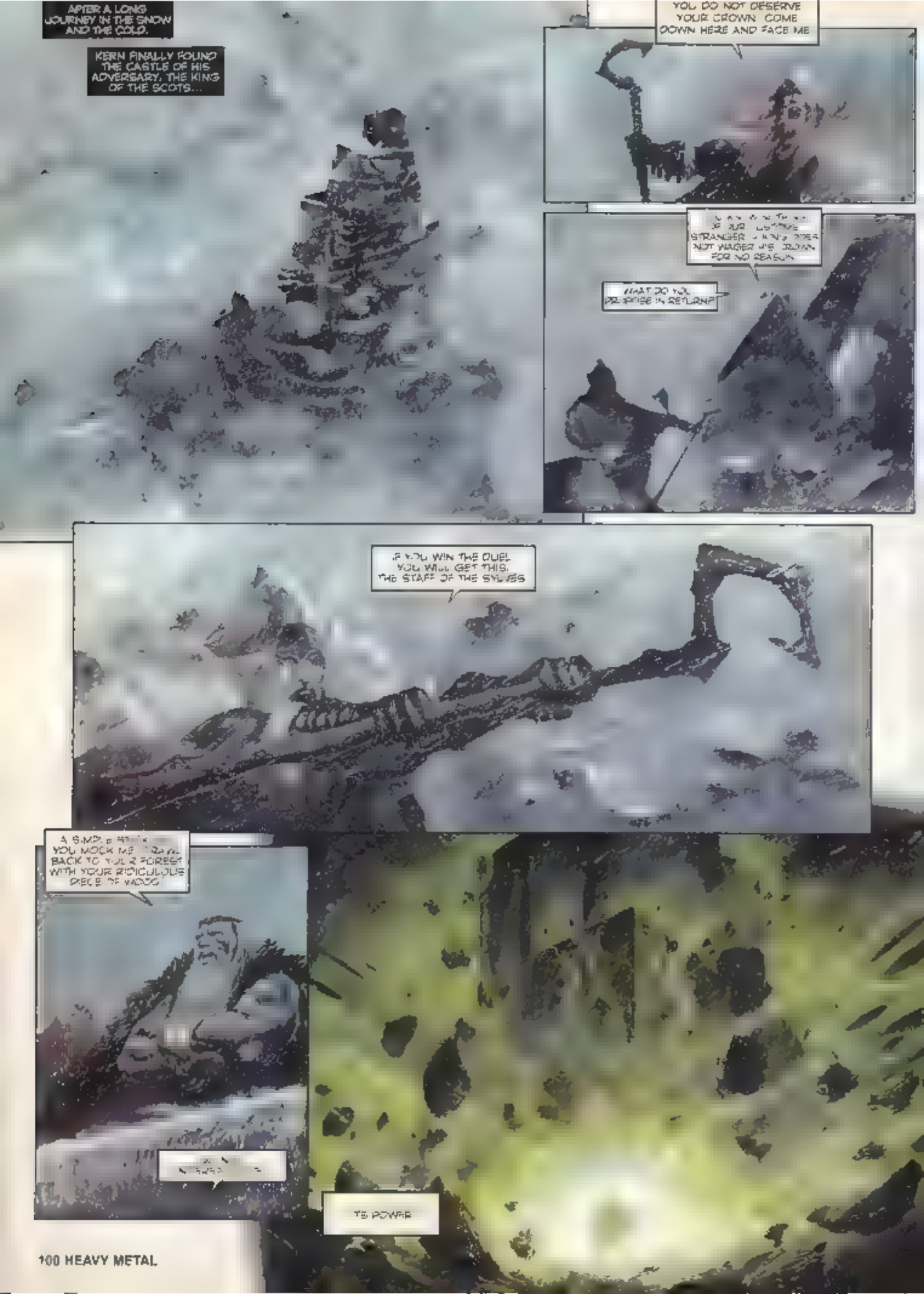
BLAM!
NO WAY.
OKAY SO WAS WRONG ABOUT BEING IN FIRE BUT I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE BLOOD.
AND THE PROFANITY THERE WAS LOTS OF PROFANITY
THE END

THE SHANTS OF THE MOUNTAINS BY MY SIDE, I STARTED THE CONQUEST OF THE OTHER KINGDOMS OF CYMRU...
THE GROUND SHOOK UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE CHARIOTS AND HORSES, THE MOOR RANG WITH THE SOUNDS OF CLASHING SWORDS, WITH THE DULL NOISE OF SHATTERING ARMORS.
THE SHRIEKS OF WARRIORS ROLLED ON THE PLAIN LIKE A FURIOUS WAVE, THREATENING TO CARRY EVERYTHING IN ITS WAKE...
ARAWN
CONTINUED FROM PAGE

THE NEIGHBORING KINGDOMS, MERE SAND CASTLES, THEY FELL ONE AFTER THE OTHER, DROWNED IN THAT IRON-GARBED TIDE, BURSTING WITH BLOOD.
NOTHING COULD STOP THIS WHIRLWIND OF VIOLENCE. WE FOUGHT FOR VICTORY. WE DID NOT FEAR THE PANGS OF AGONY.
THE BREATH OF DEATH HERSELF EXHILARATED US. BLOOD, THAT PURPLE ELIXIR, INTOXICATED US.

THE CAULDRON OF BLOOD HAD BEEN RIGHT. I BECAME THE GREAT KING. GREAT KING OF CYMRU.
IN RETURN, THE CAULDRON REQUESTED A TRIBUTE.
A SACRIFICE.
I WAS TO GIVE IT THE BEST WARRIORS AMONG MY PRISONERS.
THE PRICE OF BLOOD... HAD ANSWERED THE CAULDRON.
WHAT WOULD THOSE MEN BECOME, SWALLOWED BY THAT FEROCIOUS, INHUMAN MOUTH... I DID NOT KNOW IT YET...
I ADMIT IT, OWEN. I SHOULD HAVE QUESTIONED THE NATURE OF THAT PACT...

BUT A VERY DIFFERENT EVENT GARNERED MY ATTENTION...
THEIR FAITHFULNESS WAS NOT TO BE QUESTIONED. THEY DESERVED THE TREATMENT THAT MY BEST MEN GOT.
TWO WOLVES FROM SKRJHAVE BACK. TWO COMPANIONS FROM MY CHILDHOOD FOLLOWED ME TO MY NEW ABODE.


AFTER A LONG JOURNEY IN THE SNOW AND THE COLD,
KERN FINALLY FOUND THE CASTLE OF HIS ADVERSARY, THE KING OF THE SCOTS...
YOU DO NOT DESERVE YOUR CROWN. COME DOWN HERE AND FACE ME
WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE IN RETURN?
IF YOU WIN THE DUEL YOU WILL GET THIS, THE STAFF OF THE SYLVES
TS POWER

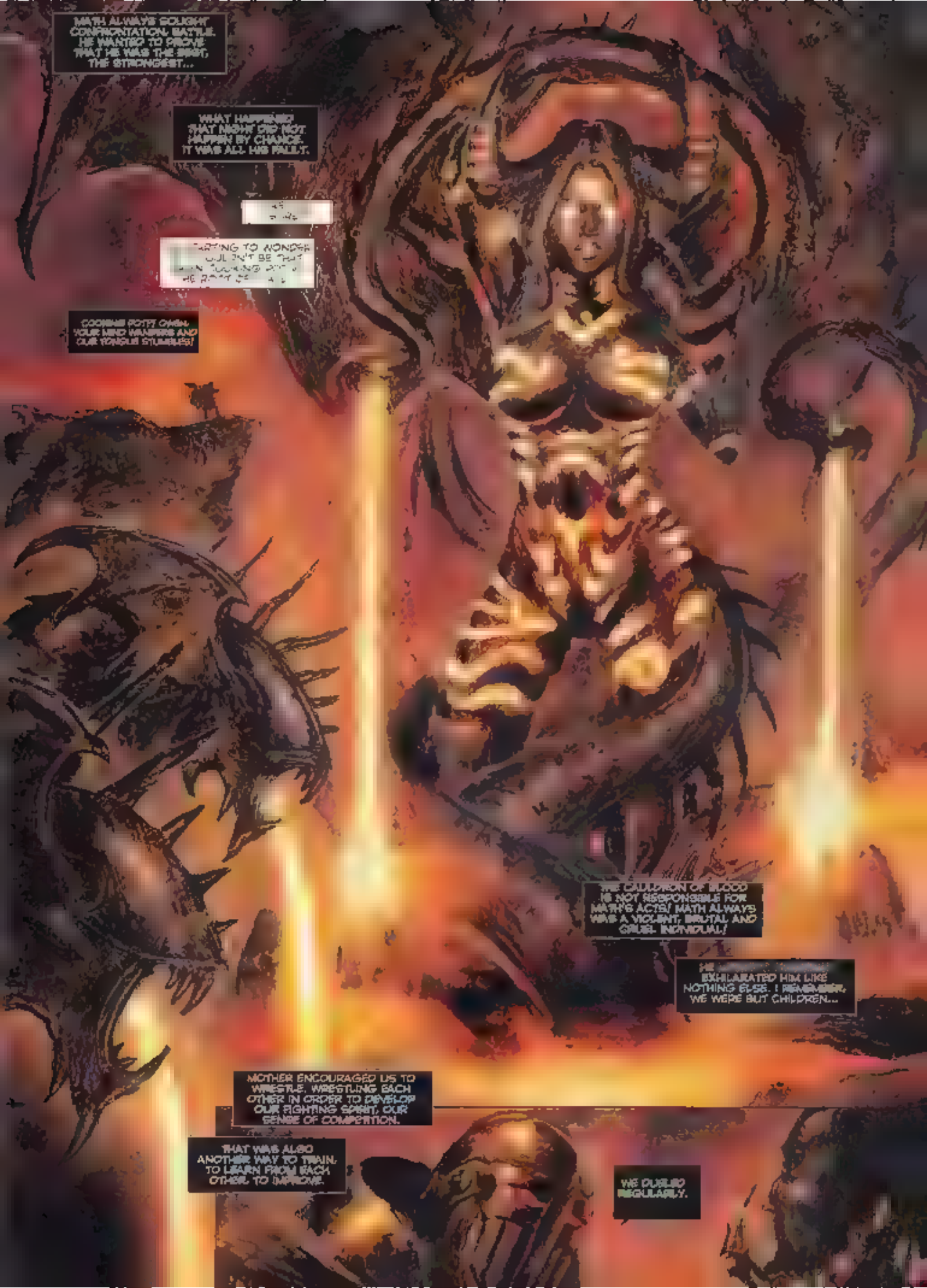
SIRE! IF HE STRIKES A SECOND TIME
VERY WELL STRANGER 'M COMING'
THE DUEL HAD ONE VERY SIMPLE RULE. TO RELY ON ONESELF ONLY. MAGIC OR ARTIFACTS WERE PROSCRIBED.
KERN THEREFORE PUT HIS STAFF ASIDE.

THE BODY OF THE KING OF THE SCOTS DISAPPEARED IN THE FROZEN MISTS. THE SOUND OF HIS BONES CRACKING AGAINST THE STONE COULD NOT EVEN BE HEARD

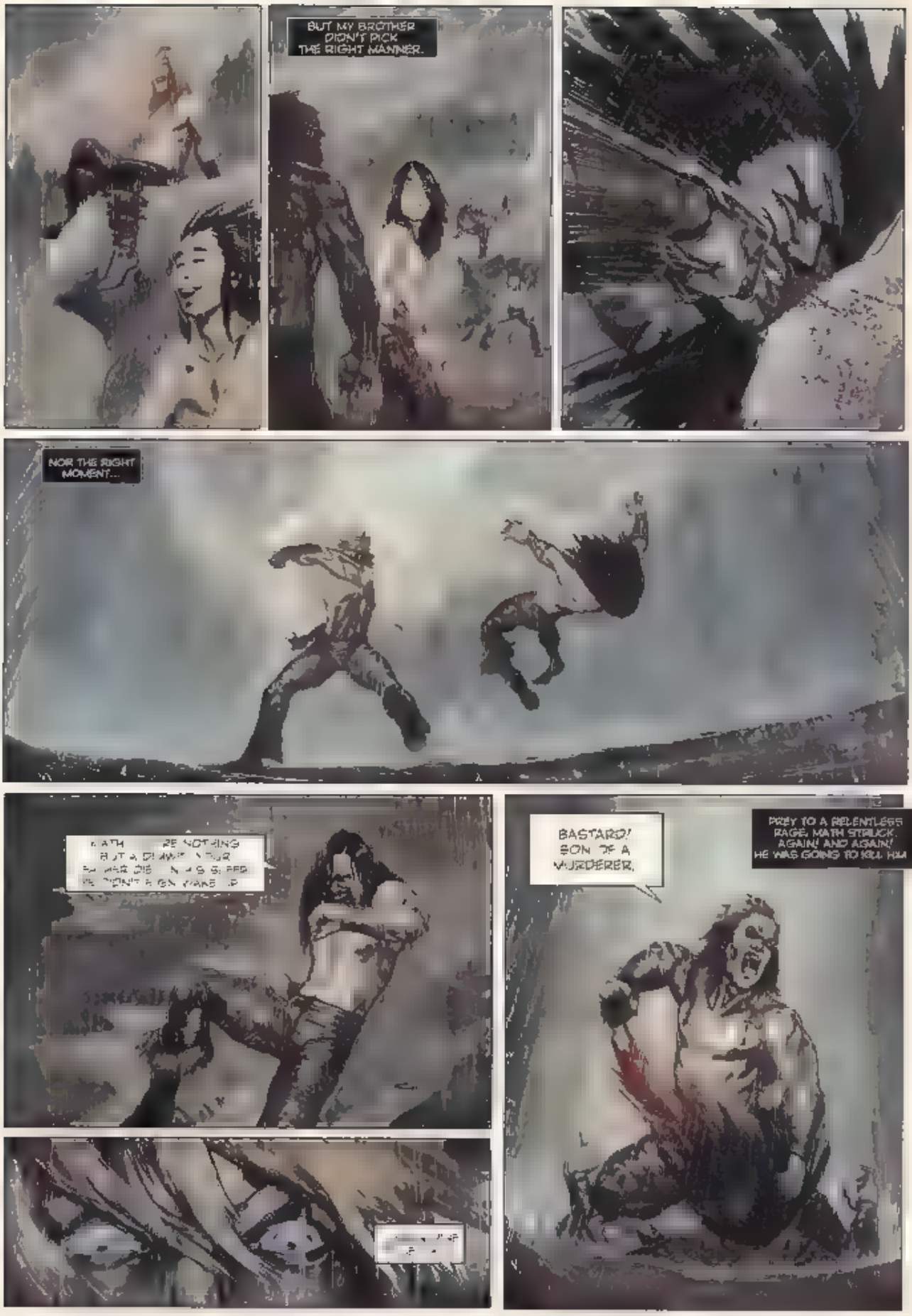
BIRD, DO YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FOR ME?
NO. THE OPPOSITE. IT'S FROM MY BROTHER KING ARAWN.
DEIRDRE HAD DECIDED THUS... SHE HAD BEEN MY CONCUBINE FOR TWO YEARS AND WANTED AN OPULENT WEDDING. WITH THEM PRESENT.
SHE WANTED TO MEET THEM. AFTER ALL, WE WERE FAMILY.
OUR OLD GRUDGES WERE NOW POINTLESS. THEY BELONGED IN THE PAST. A LONG GONE PAST.

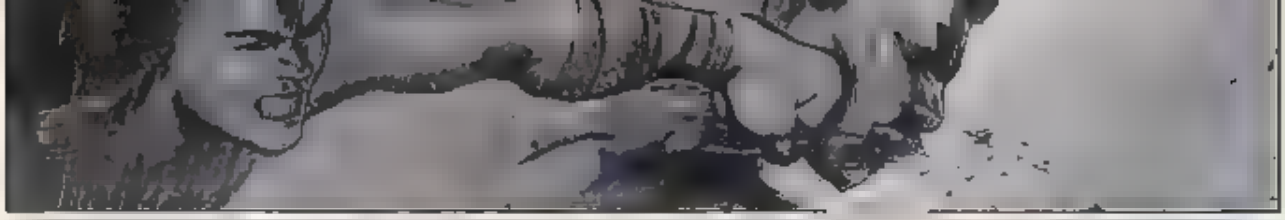
WHY DID DEIRDRE NOT TELL HIM THAT SHE CARRIED HIM... IN HER BELLY...
WE COULD HAVE WARNED... HE COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED...
ARAWN, HOW GREAT
WE BID YOU WELCOME
PLEASE FOLLOW ME YOUR QUARTERS ARE IN THIS

MY FAMILY WAS ONCE AGAIN REUNITED, AND I CONGRATULATED MYSELF THAT WE HAD PUT OUR SQUABBLING AND HATE BEHIND US.
ALL SEEMED TO GO ACCORDING TO DIRECTE'S PLANS. OR SO I THOUGHT...
WE HAD SPENT THE WHOLE EVENING DRINKING OUR BLOOD WAS BOILING WITH THAT AMBER LIQUOR THAT FIRED THE TONGUES AND HEATED UP THE TEMPERS.
THE
NEWLYWEDS
NEWLYWEDS
THINK THAT WE
REALLY DO IN OUR
HEARTS THAT STUPID
PROPHECY BE DAMNED
ARGUS SHUT UP! THIS
MATTER IN NO WAY CONCERNS
YOU. THERE ARE TOO MANY
STRANGE EARS HERE.
HA...
HAVE YOU
YOUR UNGLUE ENTRAILS
YOU ARE NOT WORTH
ANY MORE THAN
YOUR FATHER! THAT
IS WHERE RUN IS
WE WOULD THINK THAT YOU
DON'T TELL THE TRUTH
HALF-BREED! TAKE
BACK RIGHT AWAY
WHAT YOU MADE TO
ME SAY AGAIN!
DRINK ME BE
BE BREATHE
GOD


MATH ALWAYS SOUGHT CONFRONTATION. BATTLE. HE WANTED TO PROVE THAT HE WAS THE BEST, THE STRONGEST...
WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT DID NOT HAPPEN BY CHANCE. IT WAS ALL HIS FAULT.
[illegible]
[illegible]
COOMBS POTT OWAL, YOUR MIND WANDERS AND OUR TONGUE STUMBLES!
THE CAULDRON OF BLOOD IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MATH'S ACTS! MATH ALWAYS WAS A VIOLENT, BRUTAL AND CRUEL INDIVIDUAL!
[illegible] EXHILARATED HIM LIKE NOTHING ELSE. I REMEMBER, WE WERE BUT CHILDREN...
MOTHER ENCOURAGED US TO WRESTLE. WRESTLING EACH OTHER IN ORDER TO DEVELOP OUR FIGHTING SPIRIT, OUR SENSE OF COMPETITION.
THAT WAS ALSO ANOTHER WAY TO TRAIN, TO LEARN FROM EACH OTHER, TO IMPROVE.
WE DUELED REGULARLY.

FACE TO FACE. NO WEAPON. NO ARMOR. ENGUS AND MATH... ONE AGAINST THE OTHER. NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME.
ENGUS ROARED. RUN AT HIM. THAT'S THE WAY HE FIGHTS.


BUT MY BROTHER DIDN'T PICK THE RIGHT MANNER.
NOR THE RIGHT MOMENT...
BASTARD! SON OF A MURDERER.
PREY TO A RELENTLESS RAGE, MATH STRUCK, AGAIN! AND AGAIN! HE WAS GOING TO KILL HIM



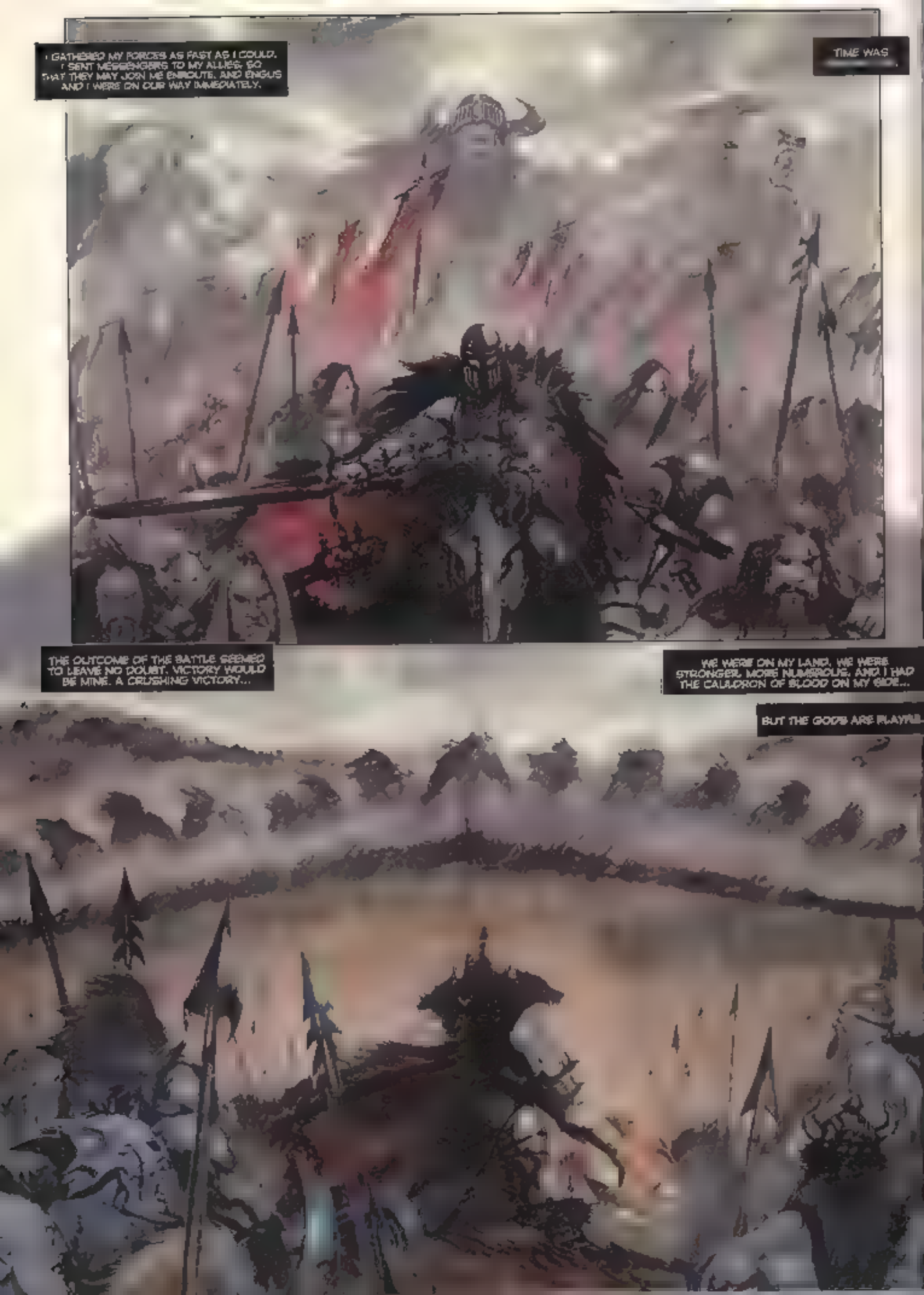
ENGUS AND MATH.
I REMEMBER...WATER AND FIRE.
ENGUS COULD NEVER
HOLD HIS TONGUE...

MATH WAS NEVER ABLE TO CURB HIS IMPULSES, HIS MOST VIOLENT DESIRES...
THE CAULDRON OF BLOOD. MATH ALWAYS WANTED IT FOR HIMSELF.
HE BANNED ME. FROM THE FIRST.

MATH?!
HAVE MERCY AT LEAST
BOTH OF YOU
KERN GO WITH YOUR
BROTHER WE'LL SPEAK
TO IRAVIN ALONE.

DEIDRE, THAT PIG KIDNAPPED HER!
NO! MATH 5 A RABID DOG! ALWAYS READY TO ATTACK NOW, DON'T YOU?
IT'S STILL TIME! WAR IS NEVER THE BEST SOLUTION
I WASN'T MYSELF ANYMORE. REDUCED TO A BODY WITHOUT A MASTER. AN ABANDONED HUSK.
SICK WITH PAIN, I WALKED IN A DAZE LIKE A SLEEPWALKER. I COULD HEAR OR SEE NOTHING...
SHORPT, MAYRA... THE WEAPON... MY COMPANION. THE ONLY ONE THAT COULD COMPREHEND. HELP ME BEAR THE PAIN.
AND THE CAULDRON... OF COURSE...
WAR T IS THEN!
YOU ALWAYS WERE PIG-HEADED, MATH. YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THE CONSEQUENCES. BUT YOU WENT TOO FAR THIS TIME. YOU'LL BE WITHOUT ME
BUT DEIDRE WAS KIDNAPPED!

I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE WITHOUT HER
BUT SHE'S YOUR SWORD!
ARAWN WILL NEVER BE HER SO NOW THAT SHE BEARS HIS HEIR
FEAR THE WORST FOR HIS WIFE AND
I'M CERTAIN
ABLE TO
AM YOUR MOTHER BUT WON'T HESITATE
WHY DO YOU CARE SO MUCH?
SHE IS NOTHING ELSE THAN A MEANS TO AN END WHAT WAR ABOVE ALL
I WILL MAKE
UNDERSTAND YOU'RE DEFENDING MY SON WILL HELP
THE PROPHECY SAID THAT MY SONS WOULD MAKE WAR AGAINST EACH OTHER CANNOT BE AVOIDED ENSURE THAT THE CHOSEN ONE SURVIVES

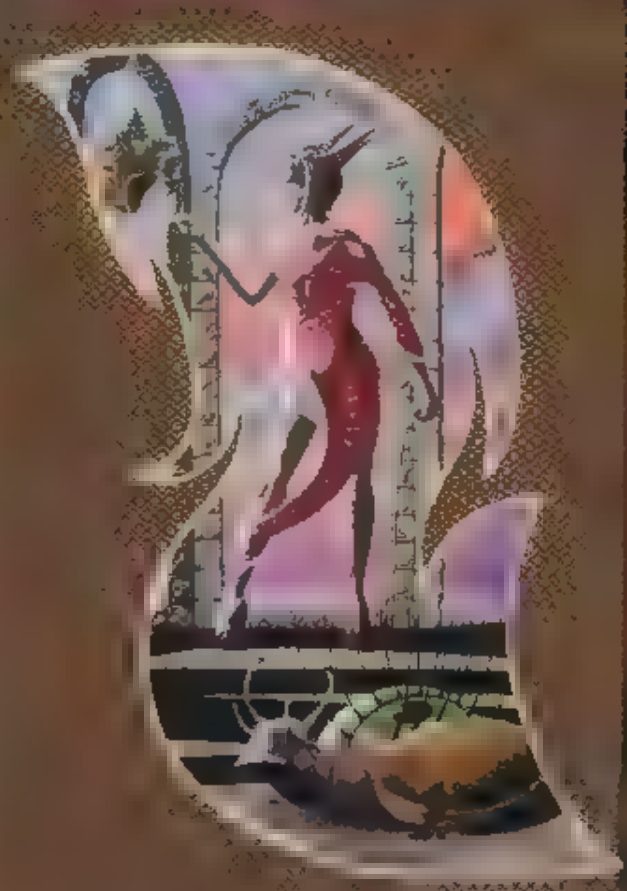

I GATHERED MY FORCES AS FAST AS I COULD. I SENT MESSENGERS TO MY ALLIES, SO THAT THEY MAY JOIN ME ENROUTE. AND ENGUS AND I WERE ON OUR WAY IMMEDIATELY.
TIME WAS
THE OUTCOME OF THE BATTLE SEEMED TO LEAVE NO DOUBT. VICTORY WOULD BE MINE. A CRUSHING VICTORY...
WE WERE ON MY LAND. WE WERE STRONGER, MORE NUMEROUS. AND I HAD THE CAULDRON OF BLOOD ON MY SIDE...
BUT THE GODS ARE PLAYFUL.

BRIAN VIGUE

ARTIST STUDIO

Tide here and there

held paintings of his peers



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